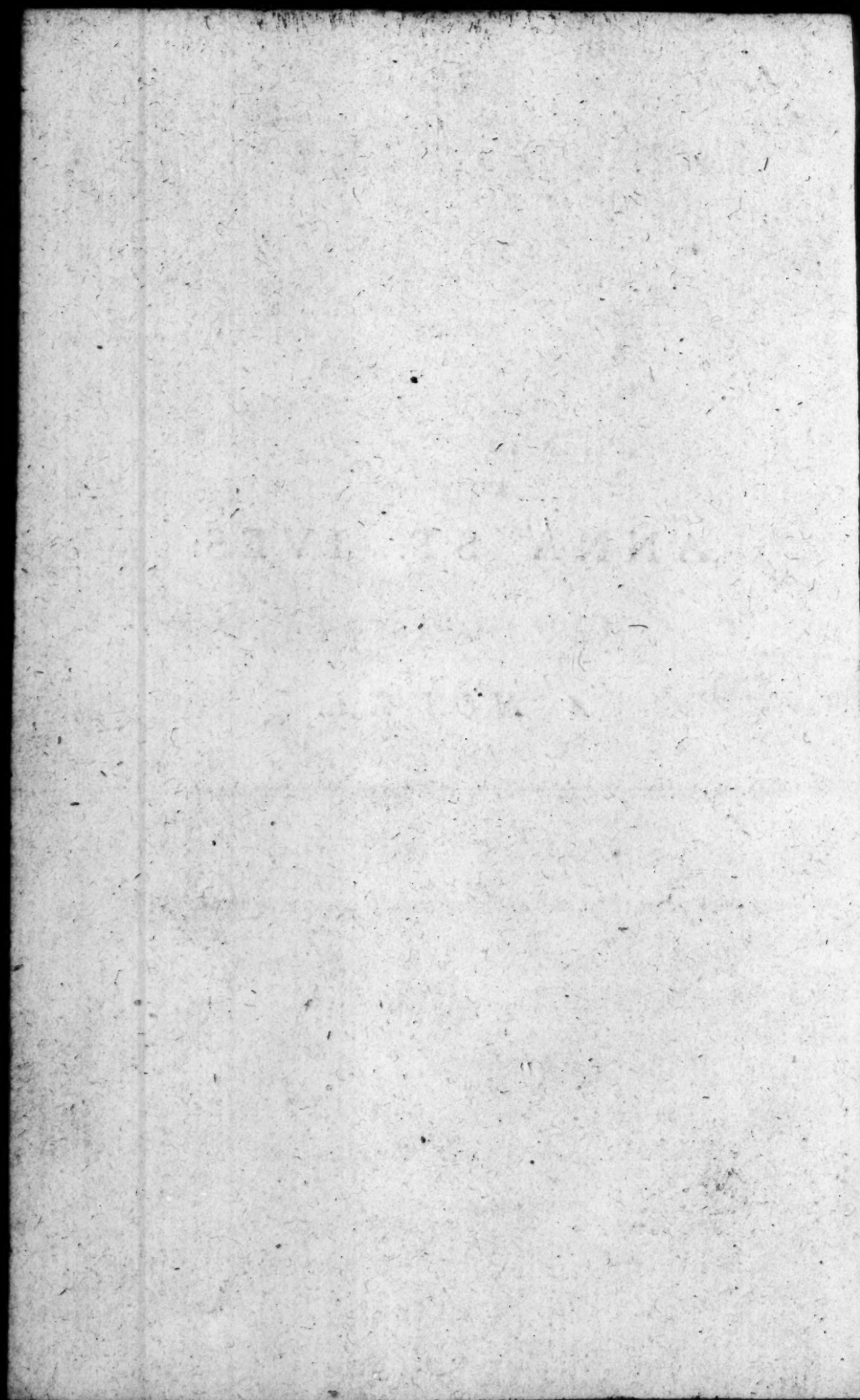


ANNA ST. IVES:

A NOVEL.



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BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

VOLUME III.

London:

Printed by J. Crowder, Warwick-square,
For G. G. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster-Row.



1800.

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ANNA ST. IVES:

A NOVEL.

LETTER IV.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

SOME events have happened, since I wrote to thee, on which I meant to have been silent, till we had met; but I want thy advice on a new incident, and must therefore briefly relate what has passed. I

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B

have

have had an opportunity of appeasing that hungry vanity, which is continually craving after unwholesome food. I have proved to Clifton that it was not fear which made me submit to obloquy, which in his opinion could only be washed away in blood. I have been instrumental in saving his life.

There is a half lunatic count, who was a visitor at the Chateau, and who is enamoured of her whom all are obliged to love and admire. I know not whether it be their climate, their food, their wine, or these several causes combining and strengthened by habit, or whether it be habit and education only which give the natives of the south of France so much apparently constitutional ardour; but such the fact appears to be. This count is one of the most extravagant of all the hot-brained race I have mentioned. He indulges and feeds his flighty fancy by reading books of chivalry, and admiring the most romantic of the imaginary feats of knight-errantry.

The

The too haughty Clifton, angry that he should dare to address her to whom he openly paid his court, fell into habitual contests with him, daring him to shew who could be most desperate, and at last gave a tolerably strong proof that, though he has an infinitely more consistent mind, he can be at moments more mad than the count himself. He leaped down a rock into a lake, where it is probable he must have perished, but for me.

One would have imagined that what followed would have cooled even a Marfeillian fever of such phrensy. But no: the count has been brooding over the recollection, till he had persuaded himself he was a dishonoured man, and must find some means to do away the disgrace. I thought him gone to Fontainebleau; but instead of that he has just been here. He came and inquired of the servants for the monsieur who had taken the famous leap; cursing all English names, as too barbarous to be understood by a delicate Provençal ear, and wholly incapable of being

remembered. The servants, thinking he meant me, for I was obliged to leap too, introduced him to my apartment.

Luckily Clifton was out for the day. She and Sir Arthur were with him. I am hourly put to the trial, Oliver, of seeing him preferred——But——Pshaw——

After a torrent of crazy compliments from the count, who professes to admire me, I learned at last it was Clifton and not me he wanted : and I also learned in part what was the purport of his errand. His mind was too full not to overflow. Knowing how hot, unruly, and on such subjects irrational, the spirits were that were in danger of encountering, I was immediately alarmed. The most effectual expedient I could conceive to prevent mischief was to shew its actual absurdity. I saw no better way than that of making it appear, as it really was, its tragical consequences excepted, ludicrous. But the difficulty was to give it the colouring which should produce that effect on a mind so distorted.

Mort

Mort de ma vie ! said the count, I shall never pardon myself for having lost so fine an opportunity ! I am not so heavy as he. I should not have been hurt by the fall : I should have saved the life of my rival, and been admired by the whole world ! My triumph would have been complete ! Every gazette in Europe would have trumpeted the exploit ; and the family of Beau-noir would have been rendered famous, by me, to all eternity ! No ! I never shall forgive myself !

I think, sir, you ought rather to be angry with me than with Mr. Clifton.

Parbleu ! I have been thinking of that. Why did you prevent me ? The thought could not long have escaped me, if you had not been in such devilish haste !

True. The only danger was that, while you were waiting for the thought, the gentleman might have been drowned.

Diable m'emporte ! I had forgotten that. Well then, I must have satisfaction of Monsieur Calif—*Morbleu !*—What is the gentleman's name ?

[I wish I could confide enough in my French to write the dialogue in the language in which it passed; but I must not attempt it. The ideas however are tolerably strong in my memory, and they must suffice.]

Clifton.

Oui da—Califton—Monsieur Califton must give me satisfaction for the *sanglante* affront I have received.

But I cannot conceive, sir, how any man's thinking proper to kill himself can be an affront to another.

Comment, Monsieur? Peste! But it is, if he kill himself to prove me a coward!

Then, sir, I am afraid there is not a madman in Bedlam who does not daily affront the whole world.

How so, sir?

By doing something which no man in his senses dare imitate.

Nom d'un Dieu! Monsieur, I am a man of honour! The family of Beaunoir is renowned for its noble feats, it shall not be disgraced

disgraced by me. I have been defied, and I will have satisfaction.

But you were not defied to sword, or pistol. You were defied to leap.

Well, sir?

And before, as a man of honour, you can have any right to give a second challenge, you must answer the first.

Is that your opinion, sir?

Nay, I appeal to yourself.

Allons !—If so, I must leap! Will you do me the favour to accompany me? I will order post-horses instantly. You shall be my witness that I perform the first condition.

Can you swim?

Ventrebleu ! What a question! I am not heavy enough to sink. Besides, sir, I was born at Marseilles.—Yes, we will go together; you shall see me make the leap; after which I may then return and publish my defiance to the whole universe.

No, sir! If you leap you will never publish your defiance!

How so?

You will be killed ! The whole universe could not save you !

Comment, diable ! Look at me ! Look at Monsieur Calif ! I am as light as— !
Peste !

Yes ; but you are not so strong as he : you cannot leap so far. His effort was prodigious ! I have examined the place : and, had he fallen half a foot short of where he did, he must have been dashed to pieces.

Fer et Feu !—In that case, I must die !
—Yes, I must die ! There is no remedy ! I must not dishonour my family ! No man on earth must brave the Count de Beau-noir ! I must die !

And be laughed at ?

Laugh, sir ! *Mort de ma vie !* Who will dare to laugh ?

When you are dead, of what should they be afraid ?

Morbleu ! That's true.

He would be a rash fool who should dare to laugh at you while you are living.

Foi d'un honnête homme, monsieur, you
are

are a man of honour: a gentleman. You are brave yourself, and know how to honour brave men, and I esteem you.

Sir, if you really esteem me—

Ventrebleu! Sir, I esteem you more than any man on earth! Command my purse, my sword! I would serve you at the hazard of my life!

Then let me prevail on you, sir, to consider well what I say. I solemnly assure you, I would not advise you to any thing which I would not do myself.

Pardieu! Monsieur, I am sure you would not. You have too much honour.

I have too much regard to truth.

C'est la même chose.*

Men honour themselves most by opposing, nay by acting in the very teeth of the prejudices of mankind; and he is the bravest man who opposes them the oftenest. The world makes laws, and afterwards laughs at or despises those by whom they are obeyed. He proves the nobleness of his nature best who acts with

*That is the same thing.

most wisdom. Recollect the madness with which Mr. Clifton acted, how much he was blamed by every body, and imagine to yourself the temper of your own countrymen; then ask whether you would not be laughed at, instead of applauded and admired, were you so madly to throw away a life which you ought to dedicate to your country. The Parisians would write epigrams, and songs, and sing them in every street, on the nobleman who, instead of living to fight the battles of his country, should toss himself like a lunatic down a rock, and dash out his brains.

Que Dieu me damne, monsieur, but you are in the right! Yes! I am a soldier! My country claims my sword! I hear we are soon to have a war with England; and then—! *Gardez-vous bien, Messieurs les Anglois* *!—Where is Monsieur Calif—?

Mr. Clifton will not be at home to-day.

Well, sir, be so kind as to present my compliments to him, and tell him I would

* Englishmen, beware!

certainly

certainly have run him through the body, if you had not done me the honour to say all that you have said to me. I have appointed to set off for Fontainebleau to-morrow morning; but I intend to visit England: we may have the good fortune hereafter to meet, and then we will come to an explanation.

After a thousand whimsical, half crazy but well meaning, and I believe very sincere compliments, and offers of service, he left me; and I hope the danger is over.

But as I told thee, Oliver, the chief purpose of my writing is to ask thy advice. Principle, as thou well knowest, is too severe to admit of falsehood; direct, or indirect. To mention this dialogue to Clifton might be dangerous. It ought not to be, I grant, but still it might. One would imagine that, instead of feeling anger, he must laugh, were he told of what has passed: but there is no certainty. And is not silence indirect falsehood? The Count has been here; his errand was to Clifton. Ought he not to be told of it,

and suffered to judge for himself? And is not concealment an indirect falsehood? To me it appears the contrary. He is full as likely to take the wrong as the right side of the question. I see a possibility of harm, but no injury that can be done by silence. Nor do I myself perceive how it can be classed among untruths. Still the doubt has occurred to my mind, and I have not hitherto answered it to my own satisfaction.

I forgot to tell thee with what ardour the count declared himself an admirer of her who is most admirable; and the romantic but very serious effervescence with which he called himself her champion; one who had devoted himself to maintain her superiority over her whole sex, which he would die affirming; and to revenge her wrongs, if ever mortal should be daring or guilty enough to do her injustice. But as I tell thee he is an eccentric and undefinable character.

I have lately received a letter from my father, from which I find he has been led,
by

by I know not what mistake, to conclude that Sir Arthur thinks of me for his son-in-law. His letter, as usual, is a strange one; and such as I believe no man on earth but himself could write.

Direct thy next to me in Grosvenor Street; for we shall be on our return, before I shall receive an answer.

Farewell.

F. HENLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor Street.

WHAT strange perversity of accidents is it, Louisa, that has made me most deeply indebted to that man, above all others on the face of the earth, who thinks I have treated him unjustly? We are under fresh obligations, nay in all probability we again owe our lives to Frank Henley.

We left Paris on Sunday last; and, after waiting a day and a night for a fair wind at Calais, we embarked on board the packet-boat; the wind still continuing unfavourable,

unfavourable, though it had changed a little for the better. The channel was very rough, and the water ran high, when we went on board. Sir Arthur would willingly have retreated ; but Clifton was too impatient, and prevailed on him to venture.

Before we had reached the middle of the channel, Laura, Sir Arthur, and soon afterward I, were very sea-sick. It is a most disagreeable sensation when violent, and would certainly be more effectual in rendering a coward fearless of death than the dying sentiments of Seneca, or Socrates himself.

The wind increased, and the captain laboured several hours, but in vain, to make the port of Dover. He at last told us we were too late for the tide, and that the current set against us, and must drive us down to Deal. We proceeded accordingly, and it was dark before we came within sight of the town of Deal ; where the captain, in the sea phrase, was obliged to come to an anchor.

The

The Deal boatmen, who are always on the watch, and are the most noted as we are told on the whole coast for their extortion, soon came up to the ship, inviting us to be put on shore, but refusing to take us for less than ten guineas. Frank and Sir Arthur were desirous that we should not be imposed upon; but Clifton pleaded my sea sickness, and would not listen to any proposal of delay. He is very peremptory, when his passions are excited; and especially when he conceives, as he then did, that reason is on his side. There were three boats; but they had agreed among themselves, and two of them kept aloof. This we are told is their common practice, that they may not spoil their market by competitorship.

We were not above a mile from shore: Clifton however agreed to their extravagant demand, and we went into the boat.

We had not been there many minutes before we perceived that the five boatmen, who managed it, were all in liquor; especially he who seemed to be their head

man; and that we were much more at the mercy of winds and waves, in our present than in our former situation. Clifton and Frank endeavoured to make them attentive, by reproofing them; and probably did some good; though the answers they received, in the rugged vulgar idiom of the sea, were not very conciliatory.— We were much tossed by the roughness of the water, but made however toward the shore, though evidently in an awkward and dangerous way.

Most part of the beach, at Deal, is excessively steep; and, when the weather is stormy, the waves break against it very abruptly, and dangerously to boats which are managed by men that are either ignorant or have drunken away their senses. When the boat approached the beach, the man at the helm being stupid, and it being dark, did not do his duty, and the side of the boat was dashed against the beach. The shock almost overset the boat, and it was half filled by the wave which broke over it. The water is always a fickle and
perilous

perilous element ; but in an agitated sea, when the winds howl and the waves roar, foam, dash, retreat, and return with additional threats and raging, it is then truly terrific ! I shall never forget that night ! I think on it even now with horror ! One of those poor drunken creatures, Louisa, was in an instant washed overboard and lost ; almost without a cry ; not heard, not aided, scarcely remarked ; no attempt made to save him, for all attempt was absolutely impossible : we were within a few yards of land, yet were ourselves almost certain of perishing. The remaining men were little better than helpless ; for it was the most active of them who was thus miserably drowned !——Indeed, Louisa, it was dreadful !

The reflux of the water was in half a minute likely to be equally violent. Frank, whose presence of mind never forsakes him, saw what the nature of our danger was ; and, shaking off poor Laura, who clung round him, begging of him for God's sake to save her precious life, he
flew

flew to the helm, turned the head of the boat in its proper direction, and called with that imperious kind of voice which on such occasions enforces obedience, for somebody to come to the helm. Clifton was there in an instant. Keep it, said Frank, in this position.

Every motion was necessarily rapid.— Frank was immediately out of the boat, and almost up to the shoulders in the sea. He caught hold of the side of the boat, retreated a step or two, set his feet against the steep beach, and steadied it, to resist the returning wave. It had no sooner retreated than he called to me, took me in his arms, and in a moment I found myself in safety on shore!

He returned and brought my father next!

Poor Laura shrieked, with fear and impatience! She was the third whom he landed.

He then ordered the boatmen to take care of themselves; and, drunk and refractory though they were, they did not neglect

neglect to obey the mandate. After which Clifton, leaving the helm, jumped into the water, the servants having gone before, and we all found ourselves safe, after some of us had concluded we were lost beyond redemption.

Our peril appears to have been wholly owing to the inebriety of the boatmen; for, had they been able to do their duty, there would have been none, or certainly very little: and it was averted by the active and penetrating mind of Frank, which seems as if it were most accurate and determined, in its conclusions and expedients, in proportion to the greatness of the danger, when common minds would be wholly confused and impotent.

Clifton, though he did not so immediately perceive what was best to be done, saw the propriety of it when doing, and immediately assented, and aided, by keeping the boat in the position Frank directed, almost as essentially as his coadjutor. I am more and more convinced it is accident only that has kept him from possessing

feeling one of the most enlarged of human understandings. But I must likewise allow that this said accident has rendered him petulant, impatient of contradiction, too precipitate to be always aware of mistake, and too positive to be easily governed.—But these are habitual errors, which time and care will cure.

I must add too that his affection for me displays itself in a thousand various forms.—He is apparently never satisfied, except when it is exercised to give or procure me pleasure. I know not whether the passion, which infuses itself into all his words and actions that relate to me, ought to inspire all that sympathetic sensibility which he intends; but I own it sometimes alarms me. His ardour is astonishing. He seems to wish, and even to design, to make it irresistible. Yet it is mingled with such excess of tenderness that I have half lost the power of representing it.

But I must not, no, I will not, stand
in

in awe of his impetuosity. Ardour is a noble quality, and my study shall be how to turn it to his advantage. The more I look round me the more I perceive that fear enfeebles, withers, and consumes the powers of mind. Those who would nobly do must nobly dare. Rash people, perhaps, are those who feel the truth of this principle so strongly that they forget it is necessary not only to dare, but to discover the best method of daring.

Clifton now avoids argument, and appears systematically determined to be of my opinion; or rather to say as I say.—The only opposition he affords is now and then a witty, sarcastic, or humourous reply. But he is generally successful in his continual attempts to give the conversation a new turn, when his favourite opinions are opposed: for I do not think it wise to obtrude too many painful contradictions upon him at a time. Truth must be progressive. Like a flash of lightning, it stuns or kills by excess.

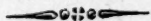
Clifton

Clifton will not long suffer me to rest, now we are returned ; and consequently my dear Louisa may soon expect another letter from her most affectionate

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.



FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

*London, Grosvenor Street.*

WE have now been in London four days, Oliver; and, known places reviving old ideas, it almost seems as if we had never moved from the spot where we are at present. I fall into the same trains of thinking! except that I am more restless, more inclined to melancholy, to inaction, to a kind of inanity, which no trifling efforts can shake off.

I have

I have received thy letter, and find thy reasoning in some respects similar to my own. I was ashamed of remaining in doubt, on a question which only required a little extraordinary activity of mind to resolve. It appears to me that nothing can be classed among falsehoods, except those things the tendency of which is to generate falsehood, or mistake. Consequently, not to tell what has passed to Clifton is acting according to the dictates of truth: for, to tell would be to run an imminent danger of false conclusions. Not, it is true, if the whole could be told: that is, if all possible reasonings, and consequences, could be fairly recollected, and stated. But memory is first to be feared; and still more that prejudice which will not have the patience to lend mute attention. I therefore think, with thee, that silence in this case is truth.

We have been in some danger, owing to the drunkenness of the Deal boatmen; but saved ourselves by a little exertion. One of the poor inebriated wretches how-

ever was lost. We saw him only the instant of his being washed overboard ; and he was hurried away into the sea by the recoiling waves, in the roaring of which his last cry was overpowered, without our being able so much as to attempt to give him aid ! By which thou mayest judge that we ourselves were in considerable jeopardy.

When we reflect how near danger is to us, daily and hourly through life, we are apt to wonder that we so continually escape. But, when we again consider how easily even great dangers, that is such as take us by surprise, may be warded off, the wonder ceases.

My mind, Oliver, is not at ease : it is too much haunted by fear. At least I hope it is ; for my fears are for one whom it is almost torture to suppose in peril. Thou never knewest so enterprising, so encroaching a youth as this Clifton ! Nay, I am deceived if encroachment be not reduced to system with him ; and, strong as her powers are, impossible as I know it to be

be

be to shake her principles, yet, who can say what may happen, in a moment of forgetfulness, or mistake, to a heart so pure, so void of guile?

Such terrors are ridiculous, perhaps thou wilt say; and perhaps they are; at least I most devoutly hope they are. But his temperament is sanguine, his wishes restless, ungovernable, and I almost fear ominous, and his passion for her is already far beyond the controul of reason, to which indeed he thinks it ought not to be nor can be subject.

As for me, all is ended. Jealous I must not, no, I will not be! And surely I am above the meanness of envy. Yet I own, Oliver, I sometimes blame her. I think her too precipitate, too fearless, nay too ready to imagine her power, her wondrous power, greater than it is. She makes no secret of her thoughts, and she tells me that she and I, she doubts not, shall transform him to all that we ourselves could desire. Be not surpris'd at her kindness to me; for she has a heart that is all be-

nevolence, all friendship, all affection. If I can aid her, thou needest not doubt my will. But Heaven grant she may not be mistaken!—Heaven grant it!

And yet, I cannot say. I even sometimes hope and acquiesce; for his talents are indeed extraordinary. But his pride, and the pitiless revenge which he shews a constant propensity to take, when offended, are dangerous symptoms.

For her, she seems to act from motives wholly different from those of her age and sex. It is not passion, not love, such as it is usually felt and expressed; it is a sense of duty, friendship for Louisa, admiration of great talents, an ardent desire to give those talents their full value, and the dignified pride she takes in restoring such a mind to its proper rank. By these she is actuated, as all her words and actions demonstrate.

Well, well, Oliver! She soars a flight that is more than mortal! But she leaves a luminous track, that guides and invites, and I will attempt to follow. Thou shalt
see

see me rise above the poor slavish wishes that would chain me to earth!—

Oliver, my mind, like a bow continually bent, is too much upon the stretch. Such is the effect of my situation, of which my thoughts, my language, and my actions partake. But I will calm this agitation. Fear not: thou shalt find me worthy to be thy friend, and the pupil of thy most excellent father.

No! I will not, Oliver, be a child; though the contest be indeed severe. By day I am with her; for hours I listen, while she sings, or plays, or speaks. I am a witness of her actions! Her form is never absent from me! The sound of her voice is unceasing harmony to my ears! At night, retiring to darkness and thought, I pass her chamber door! In the morning again I behold the place where all that is heavenly rests! I endeavour after apathy. I labour to be senseless, stupid, an idiot! I strain to be dead to supreme excellence! But it is the stone of Sisyphus, and I am condemned to eter—!

Indeed, Oliver, this weakness is momentary ! Indeed it is——Fear not : thou shalt find me a man, be assured thou shalt. Though the furies, or, worse than all that invention can feign, the passions throng to assault me, I will neither fly nor yield. For to do either would be to desert myself, my principles, my duties.

Yet this encroaching spirit that I told thee of !—But then, what is the strength of him, compared to hers ? What is there to fear ? What do I fear ? Why create horrible shadows, purposely to encounter them ?—No : it cannot be !

Farewell.

F. HENLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

YOUR brother has gained his point. The deed is done. My consent is given. For, in reality, to have withheld it would have had more the appearance of a coquette than of the friend of my Louisa. After sufficiently strong hints in the course of the two first days, on the third after our arrival, Clifton came. His intention was evidently to take no denial. It was with difficulty that I could bring him to listen, for a few minutes, while I repeated principles

c 4

ciples before declared, and required an avowal of how far he thought them an impediment to future happiness. To every thing I could ask he was ready to accede. "He had nothing to contend, nothing to contradict; and, if he did not think exactly like me in every particular, he was determined not to think at all, till he could. Beside, my own conclusions, in favour of truth, were my safeguard. I had not any doubt that reason, if attended to, must finally prevail; and I could not deny that he was at all times ready to pay the strictest attention."

Indeed he seemed at first resolved, as it were, not to enter into any conversation, but to claim my promise. But I was still more determined to exert myself; that the due influence which reason ought always to have, over passion, might not be lost, and sink into habitual and timid concession. When he perceived there was no resisting, he then listened with a tolerably good grace; but still, as I said, with an apparently preconcerted plan not to contend;

tend ; urging, and indeed truly, that fair arguments could desire nothing more than patient hearing ; and this he pledged, in his energetic and half wild manner, honour, body, and soul to give. I could not desire more sincere asseverations than he made ; and that they were sincere I cannot doubt. Nor do I regret that they were strong. Where there is energy there is the material of which mind is fashioned : and the fault must be mine, if the work be incomplete. Our conversation however was long ; and when at last obliged to enter into the subject, the acuteness and depth of his remarks were strong proof of his powers, had any proof been wanting—Yes, Louisa, the attempt must be made. It is a high and indispensable duty ; and I must neither be deterred by the dread of danger, nor swayed by the too seducing emotions of the heart—They must be silenced !—They must !

I have an assistant worthy of the cause. Frank does not shrink from the task : though it is but too evident that he has not

changed his opinion! I know not why, but so it is, those two particular sentences continually reverberate in my ear—I *feel a certainty of conviction, that you act from mistaken principles——To the end of time I shall persist in thinking you mine by right!*——Oh, Louisa!

Sir Arthur of course made no difficulty in giving his consent; and I imagine Mrs. Clifton will this post receive a letter from her son, and perhaps another from my father, requiring her acquiescence.

Sir Arthur has shewn me one of the most strange, eccentric, and perhaps comic letters, from *honest Aby*, that I think I ever read. I am glad it is not quite so intelligible to Sir Arthur as it is to me; for I see no good that could result, were he to understand its true sense. The old——! I can find no epithet for him that pleases me——Well then—*Honest Aby* is excessively anxious that I should marry a son of whom he is so unworthy. But his motives are so mean, so whimsical, and so oddly compounded and described, peering as it were

were through the mask of cunning, with which he awkwardly endeavours to conceal them, that nothing but reading his letter can give you an idea of its characteristic humour. This post I suppose will likewise shew him his mistake. How he will receive the news I know not; though I suspect he will raise obstacles, concerning the money which Sir Arthur wants, in order to pay my portion. But this will soon be seen.

I likewise learn, from his letter, that my brother is to join in docking the entail of the hereditary estate; and that he is willing, provided he may share the spoil. How would my heart bleed, were I not cured of that prejudice which makes happiness consist in the personal possession of wealth! But the system of tyranny would be more firm and durable even than it is, did not this mutation of property daily exist; and were not the old and honourable families, as they call themselves, brought to ruin by their foolish and truly dishonourable descendants.

Every thing confirms me in the suspicion that honest Aby has been playing a deep game; and that both Sir Arthur and my brother have ceded to all the extortions of craft and usury, to have their whims and extravagancies supplied.

My brother persuades himself that he is determined never to marry; and I suppose has formed this determination purposely that he may spend all he can obtain, without being teased by any qualms of conscience. For the destructive system of individual property involves a thousand absurdities; and the proud but inane successor of a Sydney or a Verulam, instead of knowing how difficult the subject of identity itself is, instead of perceiving that man is nothing but a continuity, or succession, of single thoughts, and is therefore in reality no more than the thought of the moment, believes there is a stable and indubitable affinity between him and his great ancestor.

I must now be more than ever determined to accomplish the task I have undertaken;

dertaken; and to give to the arms of my best, my dearest Louisa, a brother worthy of a heart so pure, and a sister such as she herself could wish to be that brother's other half——Very true, Louisa! It is the old story: I am Sir Arthur's vapouring huffey! But I comfort myself with reflecting that, after the battle is won, the rashness of the attack is never remembered; or, if it be, it is always applauded; and that all generals, great or small, confide in their own plans, till defeat has proved them to be abortive. Something must be ventured, ere any thing can be won.

Not knowing what might be the notions of Sir Arthur, or even of Mrs. Clifton, concerning the silence they might think it necessary to keep, I forbore to mention their plan, of which my friend, with her consistent frankness, informed me, till our last conference: but I then thought it an indispensable duty to relate the truth; otherwise it might have come, at some unlucky moment, in the disguise of falsehood, and have done mischief. Secrets
are

are indeed absolutely contrary to my system. 'Tis pride or false shame that puts blinds to the windows either of the house or of the mind. Let the whole world look in, and see what is doing; that if any thing be wrong, it may have an opportunity to reprove; and whatever is right there is some hope it may imitate. Clifton was pleased to find himself treated with undisguised sincerity. Yes, Louisa, fear not: you will find him your brother, in virtue as well as in blood.

Ever and ever most affectionately,

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES

TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

DEAR MADAM,

OUR plan has succeeded to our wish : Mr. Clifton is as I may say quite smitten with my daughter. And indeed I do not wonder at it ; for, though she is my child, I must say, she is the sweetest, most charming, lovely girl I ever beheld ! She has always been my darling ! I have a true fatherly fondness for her ; and, though I own it will not be very convenient to me,
I mean

I mean immediately to raise twenty thousand pounds, to pay down as her portion. If at my death I should have the power to do more, she shall not be forgotten: but I promise nothing.

As I remember, dear madam, this was the sum which you said was necessary, to redeem certain mortgages, pay off encumbrances, and enable Mr. Clifton to appear in England, in a manner becoming the heir of the Clifton family. And this sum I think it very fit the daughter of Sir Arthur St. Ives should receive. I shall accordingly write to my agent, and put every thing immediately in train; after which, you shall hear from me without delay.

If any alteration should have happened in your own views, or affairs, which may impede or forward our plan, you will be kind enough to inform me.

I am, madam, with the truest respect,
your very obedient humble servant,

A. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LX.



COKE CLIFTON

TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. CLIFTON.

*London, Dover Street.*

I WRITE to you, dear and honoured madam, with a grateful and happy heart, to thank you for a project so maternally and wisely conceived in my favour, and of which I have just been informed, by the frank-hearted and lovely Anna St. Ives. Of all the blessings for which, madam, I hold myself indebted to you, this last, of discovering and endeavouring to secure for your thankful son a gem so precious, a
lady

lady so above all praise, I esteem to be the greatest.

You, dear madam, are acquainted with the propriety with which she thinks and acts, on every occasion ; and I have no doubt will join with me, in applauding the entire undisguisedness of relating all that had passed, which appeared to her delicate mind at this moment to be absolutely necessary.

After obtaining her consent for that purpose, I have spoken to Sir Arthur ; who, at my request, has promised immediately to write to you. And, it being a project, dear madam, a kind one, of your own forming, I have no fear that it should be discountenanced by you. My only doubt is of delay. Let me entreat you, my dear mother, to remove all impediments with every possible speed ; and not to lose a moment in writing to me, as soon as you and Sir Arthur have arranged the business, that I may solicit her, from whom I am certain to receive all possible bliss, to name a time, when suspense shall joyfully end.

Do

Do not, dear madam, let impatience seem a fault in me. Remember the lady; who she is, and all she is; and think, if her perfections could make the impression which they seem to have done upon your heart, what must they have made upon mine! I, who, with all the fire of youth and constitutional eagerness, in consequence of your own wise plan, am become a wishing and expecting lover!

My sister, I am sure, is too generous, the happiness of her friend and brother being pledged, not to join me in the request I now make: and I certainly will not forget a kindness which, I acknowledge, I know not how I shall ever repay.

I am, dear madam, your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

C. CLIFTON.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

COKE CLIFTON.

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover Street.

I AM caught, Fairfax ! Spring guns and man traps have been set for me, and I am legged ! Meshed ! Shot through the heart ! I have been their puppet ! They have led me, with a string through my nose, a fine dance ! From the farthest part of all Italy here to London, in order to tie me up ! Noose me with a wife ! And, what is more strange, I am thanking
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and praising, and blessing them for it, in spite of my teeth! I swallow the dose as eagerly as if it had been prepared and sweetened by my own hand; and it appears I have had nothing to do in the matter! I am a mere automaton; and as such they have treated me!

Is it not cursed odd that I cannot be angry? And yet, when I recollect all this, I really suspect I am not pleased. Damn it! To be made their convenient utensil! To be packed up, their very obedient jack in a bandbox, and with a proper label on my back, posted with other lumber from city to city, over hills and seas, to be taken out and looked at, and if not liked returned as damaged ware! Ought I to sneak and submit to this? Tell me, will not the court of honour hoot me out of its precincts? Will not the very footmen point after me, with a—"There goes the gentleman that miss had upon liking?" Why it is not yet full two months, since I was the very prince of high blooded noble sportsmen, in the romantic manors, domains,

mains, coverts and coveys of Venus ! By what strange necromancy am I thus metamorphosed, thus tamed ?

I feel myself a husband by anticipation ! I am become as pretty a modest, well-behaved, sober, sentimental gentleman, as any you shall see on a summer's day ! I get phrases by rote, and repeat them too ! I say "God blefs you, madam," when the cat sneezes : and mumble amen to grace after meat !

I told you that I had my catechism to learn ; and, what is worse, it is not the questions and commands of good old mother church, with all the chance-medley promises and vows of godfathers and godmothers made in my name, [For which, by the bye, I think both godfathers and godmothers are fools, and knaves.] but I have the Lord knows how much more to learn than ever I supposed the most outrageous morality could have exacted. And I am obliged to answer yes, and no, and I thank you kindly, while my finger's ends are smoking, tingling, and aching under the

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the stroke of the ferula! Yes! I, Coke Clifton, with my sweetmeats in one hand and my horn-book in the other, am whipped till I pule, coaxed till I am quiet, and sent supperless to bed, if I presume to murmur!

Why what the devil is the English of all this, say you, Clifton? What does it mean? My head is so full of it, and I have it so all by rote myself, that it had totally escaped me that every word I have uttered must be heathen Greek to you. Nay I had forgotten to tell you we have changed the scene, which now is London.

And as for accidents, by sea and land, why we have had some of them too.—Frank Henley has again shewn his dexterity. I could eat my fingers, to think that he should hit upon a certain and safe mode of acting, in a moment of danger, sooner than I! But so it is. He seems born to cross me! We should all have been tossed into the sea, and some of us certainly drowned at the very water's edge, if we had not been alert. He took the command
upon

upon himself, as imperiously as if it were his by right indisputable ; and I saw no expedient but to obey, or perhaps behold her perish. For curse upon me if I know whether any other motive, on earth, could have induced me to act as his subordinate. But, as it was, I did as he bid me ; and sat grinding my teeth at the helm, while I saw him reap all the honour of taking her in his arms ; and after her the rest, and landing them in safety ! If, Fairfax, you can conceive any anguish on earth more excruciating than this, why tell it ; and you shall be appointed head tormentor to the infernal regions, for your ingenuity !

What was I going to say ?—My brain is as murky as the clouds under which I am writing—Oh !—I recollect—She had no hand in spreading the trammel, into which, buzzard like, I have been lured. It was the scheme of my very good and careful mother ; for which I have been very sincerely writing her a letter with more thanks than words ; and of the wife Sir Arthur ; who, wife though he be,

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is not one of the magi. She knew nothing of it for some time, nor would have known but for my communicative sister; and, as she scorns deception, for by my soul she scorns every thing that is base, or derogatory, it was she who informed me of the trap in which I have been taken; of which otherwise perhaps I might have remained in eternal ignorance.

But still and once again, say you, what trap? What do you mean?—

Three words will explain the whole.

I have been brought from Naples to Paris, not as I supposed to settle a few paltry debts of a deceased uncle, but to see, fall in love with, and be rib-hooked to this angel. This my good mother, as I understand, thinks the kindest act of her life.—Nay, I think so too; and yet I am not satisfied. And merely I suppose because I feel I have been tricked. I will not be the gull of man or woman. What is it to me that they mean me well? I will judge for myself. It is insolent in any

one to pretend to know what befits me better than I myself know.

In short, I would quarrel, and bounce, and curse a little, if I knew how——But they offer an apology so ample, so irresistible, that there is no demanding to exchange a shot; they present Anna St. Ives as their excuse, and a fief for resentment.

And now there is nothing on earth for which I so earnestly wish as to be yoked! What think you, Fairfax; shall I bear my slavish trappings proudly? Shall I champ upon the bit, and prance, and curvet, and shew off to advantage? I doubt I shall stand in need of a little rough riding. And yet I know not; let her but pat me on the neck, and whisper two or three kind epithets in my ear, and she will guide me as she pleases: at least she does. No! Hopes there are none of my ever again returning to my native wilds, and delightful haunts! Never was seen so fond a booby as I am, and am likely to remain!

Nor

Nor do I believe I should grumble, had she not such a superabundance of discretion. She smiles upon me it is true ; is all gentleness, all benevolence ; but then she does just the same to every body else. For my part, I see no difference ; except that I sometimes think she has a kinder smile for Frank Henley than she ever yet had for me ! But he is just as discreet as herself ; so that it seems impossible to be jealous. Yet jealous I am ! Ay and jealous I should be of my cat, if she were as ready to pur and rear her back to be stroked by every coarse unwashed hand as by mine.

Is it not a cursed shame that, when you feel a continual propensity to quarrel with a man, he should be such a prince Prim as never to give you an opportunity ?— And why have I this propensity ?— I know not !—Confound the fellow, why does he make himself so great a favourite ? Why does he not contrive to be hated a little ? and then perhaps I might be induced to love him. I dislike to have friendship or affection forced upon me as a duty.

I abhor duties, as I do shackles and dungeons. Let me do what I like. I leave others to examine whether or no my conduct be rational: 'tis too much trouble for me.

This marriage is never out of my head! I wish for it, sigh for it, pray for it, and dread it! It may well be said there is no resisting our destiny! If I could but find out the key to her master passion—Well! What then?—What do I want? What do I hope? To hope any thing short of the noose is mere madness. Beside, could I think of living without her?—No!—I would be eternally in her company, for she is eternal novelty: she is all the world in one. She is herself a million of individuals; and not the stale, dull repetition of the same; which is so horrible to imagination.

One thought has struck me.—She has the utmost confidence in what she calls the force of truth. It cannot fail! That is her constant language. I am to be her first convert. I have humoured this whim lately;

lately; except when my irritable fancy breaks loose, and runs riot. If she have any folly, it is this sad confidence: and whether it be one, or be not, is more than I have yet been able to determine. But she has furnished me with an argument, which I might carry to I know not what extent. "You," I urge to her, "you need not act with the timid and suspicious caution of your sex. You are sure of your principle; and to proceed with distrust and fear would prove doubt instead of certainty." She boldly replies, —Yes, she is sure; and therefore she speaks and behaves with all that undisguise and sincerity which are so uncommon in the world, and which some would deem so blameable.

She says true; she rises totally superior to the petty arts and tricks of her sex. I seem to participate the trust which she reposes in herself; and the confidence which she appears to place in me, when she openly declares all she thinks and all she means, is highly pleasing. But, if my

views were different from what they are, I doubt whether madam confidence might not be brought to lull madam Caution so fast asleep, at some lucky moment or another, as to suffer me to purloin her key, and afterward to rob her of all her treasure. Nor should I fail, under certain circumstances, to try the experiment.

Neither is that intriguing spirit which has so long been in restless habits of continual pursuit entirely idle. My first-care as usual was to secure the prime-minister of my charmer, whose name is Laura.— The hussy is handsome, cunning, and not without ambition. An occasional guinea and a few warm kisses, when it was certain that all was safe, for caution is necessary, have bound her to me. The poor fool is fond of me, and often finds some ingenious chambermaid's excuse to pay me a visit. It does not appear that I shall need her agency; otherwise here she is, properly prepared to be wholly at my devotion. Anna St. Ives affords the fancy full employment; with any other woman
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an amour without plot and stratagem, attack and defence, would be too insipid to be endured.

Not but I sometimes find my conscience reproach me, for suffering such active talents as mine to lie concealed and unknown ; being as they are capable of acquiring renown so high. When in Italy, having even there, in that land of artifice, rendered myself the superior of all competitors, I used to glory in the havoc I should make on my return to England. But this the will of fate opposes, at least for the present ; and of what duration my honeymoon is to be is more than any prescience of mine can discover.

Write, Fairfax, and tell me freely your opinion of all this ; only remember that, if you make your calculations and conclusions from any comparison with woman whom you have ever yet seen, they will be all error. Tell me however what you think, and all you think.

I forgot to say that twenty thousand pounds is the sum to be paid me down, for

condescending to accept this jewel. I am informed it is wanted, 'to pay off I know not what encumbrances and arrears—— Pshaw!—I care not—I have never yet troubled myself about wants, nor do I wish to begin. My father lived fast, and died soon. Well! And is not that better than croaking and crawling over this dirty globe, haunted by razors, halters, and barebones; sobbing in your sleep, groaning when awake, vegetating in sorrow, and dying in the fulks? Let me kick my heels in mirth and sunshine. Or, if clouds intervene, let pleasure and fancy create suns of their own. Those who like them, may find gloom and November enough any day in the year. Tell me, Fairfax, may they not? Write and tell me.

C. CLIFTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES

TO

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

HONEST ABY,

London, Grosvenor Street.

WE are once more arrived in England; for which I am not sorry. Though I cannot say that I repent my journey into France. My former suspicions are confirmed: I had visited the country before, but at that time my taste was not formed; I did not then understand laying out, and improving, as I do at present. I had

heard that the French had begun to imitate our best gardens tolerably well; but I have seen some of those that are in most fame, and what are they to Wenbourne-Hill?—No, no, Aby.—I am now convinced that, as they say of their Paris, there is but one Wenbourne-Hill.

I do not know when the family will return to the country. The young people wish to enjoy the diversions and pleasures of the town; and I rather suppose we shall stay here all the winter. Perhaps we may take a jaunt or two, between this and the meeting of parliament. Not that any such plan is yet settled. And as for me, I shall be down with you occasionally, as affairs shall require. I shall take great delight, in once again treading over all my grounds, and walks, and dells; and in visiting places that are never out of my mind.

I cannot forget the hermitage, and the grotto, and the wilderness; of which, the moment you mentioned them, I had formed so charming and so excellent a plan. The picture clings to me, as it were;

were ; and it grieves me to give it up.—
But so it must be.

However, as I say, I shall come down more than once : and, for my part, I wonder how these young unthinking people can prefer the dirty streets of London, to all the delights and riches of nature and of art ; which may be said to be waiting for and inviting them, at Wenbourne-Hill.

I am very glad to find, honest Abimelech, that money is so certainly to be had. But you were always intimate with the warm old fellows, who provide themselves plentifully with what you so aptly call the wherewithalls. You have followed their example, and learned to increase your own store. I am glad of it, and am pleased to find you do not forget your first and best friends. I must own, Abimelech, that you have always appeared to me to understand your situation very properly, and to pay respect where it was due. I have seen your proud, upstart stewards carry their heads as high as their masters ! Ay, and

instead of studying their tempers and humouring them, as it was their duty, have been furly, and always ready with their ifs, and ands, and objections, and advice! As if it were any concern of theirs, what a gentleman shall please to do with his money! But you, Aby, have known how to comport yourself better; of which I believe you have no cause to repent.

As to the entail, as you say, it must be docked. I know no remedy. And since my son is so positive, and determined to fickle for a good bargain, why we must do the best we can.

I was once sorry at his resolving never to marry; but I think that is partly over now; I care little about the matter. My daughter's son will be as much my grandchild as his son would have been; and, as for names, they may easily be changed. I am certain, were any body to ask me which is the wisest, my son or my daughter, I should not stop a moment to consider about that.

Ay,

Ay, ay! She is my own child! Every body used to tell me, when she was a baby, how like me she was!

She has some of her mother's features too; who, as you well know, Aby, was a very good sort of an excellent kind of a lady, and very much respected: ay, very much. Indeed the greatest fault of Lady St. Ives was that she would not always be of my opinion. But we are none of us perfect. If it were not for that one thing, I really should think my daughter a young lady of more good sense, and good taste, and indeed every thing of that kind, than any young person I was ever acquainted with: but she too is a declared enemy to planning and improving. It is very strange; and I can only say there is no accounting for these things!

My son however knows as little of the matter as she does; nay I believe less. And, as to other kinds of knowledge, he is a child to her! It delights me to hear her talk, and debate points, and chop logic, with your Frank, who is one of her
own

own fort; and with Mr. Clifton, the young gentleman whom I intend for my son in law. I gave you an account in my last, Aby, that the thing was in expectation; and it is now as good as concluded. I have written to Mrs. Clifton; the lawyer is ordered to make a rough sketch of marriage articles, and every thing will be got ready, while my attorney is preparing the necessary deeds down in the country, according to your instructions, and you are raising the money.

Be sure however, honest Aby, to make as good a bargain for me as you can. I know money is not to be had without paying for it; and I trust to you not to suffer me to pay too dearly. Better security, you know, Aby, cannot be offered; and I begin to feel, my improvements excepted, which indeed I hold to be inestimable, that I am not so rich as I was fifteen years ago. But, as my son means never to marry, and as the families of Clifton and St. Ives are to be united in one, I have no doubt, some time or another before I die,
of

of seeing every thing retrieved; though I grant there are heavy mortgages, and other impediments to overcome.

Pray has my son told you what sum he expects? If not, endeavour to learn, and let me know. Though on second thoughts you need not, for I hear he is to be in town next week. He must recollect the estate of eight hundred a year, of which he has lately taken such violent possession. But he is a dissipated young man, and recollects nothing but his pleasures.

I always said, Aby, you were a man of sense; and you are very right in thinking I cannot do too much for my daughter. I hope to contrive to leave Wenbourne Hill her own. It is a rich spot! And, though she be an economist, and no friend to what she thinks a waste of money in improvements, yet I am sure, at my request, she will not be guilty of what I may well call sacrilege, and pull down my temples, and dedicated groves, and relics of art, and ruins; nor, as my son would, destroy with a Gothic hand, as the poet says, and tear away

away beauties, which it would rend my heart-strings not to suppose durable, as I may say, for ages! I would have my name, and my taste, and my improvements be long remembered at Wenbourne Hill! I delight in thinking it will hereafter be said—"Ay! Good old Sir Arthur did this! "Yonder terrace was of his forming! "These alcoves were built by him! He "raised the central obelisk! He planted "the grand quincunx!" And ah, Aby! if we could but add, "He was the con- "triver of yonder charming wilderness!" I then should die in peace.

Let me beg, good Abimelech, that you would write your thoughts in as plain and straight forward a manner as you can; for, I assure you, I have been very much puzzled with some parts of your last letter; which I cannot yet say that I understand. In some places it is very plain that you hint at Mr. Clifton, and wish me not to dally with him; and, as I know you have my interest at heart, and speak in a style at which no gentleman can be offended,

why

why I rather thank than blame you, for your desire to give good advice. Though I must say, Aby, that I do not think I have any need of it. I am mistaken if I could not advise others. I wish all the world would be governed by my plans, and principles. That's a favourite word with my daughter, Aby, and a very apt one.

I once took some delight in such things; I mean in what is called polite learning, Aby. Indeed I was remarkably fond of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. But then, as I did not like to puzzle myself with the Latin, I read Garth's, or Rowe's, or Pope's, or I don't know whose translation. And I do believe it was that, and a visit to Lord Cobham's, which first made me study taste and improvement. Nothing is wanting but riches, Aby, to proceed to much greater lengths than any we have yet thought of. What richness of imagination is there in Ovid! What statues might we form, from the wonderful tales which he relates! Niobe at the head of the canal,
changing

changing into stone! To be sure we should want a rock there. Then on one side Narcissus, gazing at himself in the clear pool, with poor Echo withering away in the grove behind! King Cygnus, in the very act of being metamorphosed into a swan, on the other! It would be so apropos, you know; a swan, and a canal, and king Cygnus! And then at the further end Daphne, with her arms and legs sprouting into branches, and her hair all laurel leaves!

You cannot imagine, Aby, all the fancies which came into my head the other day, when I happened to lay my hand on Tooke's Pantheon, which brought all these old stories fresh to memory.

But, as I was saying, good Aby, write your thoughts as plainly as you can; for I sometimes did not know whom you were talking of, and there were one or two places which made me think you wish something should be done for your son, Frank. And indeed he is a very-deserving, and a very fine young fellow; and I have

have been thinking it would not be amiss, since he has really made himself a gentleman, if we were to purchase him an ensign's commission. What say you to it, honest Aby? He would make a fine officer! A brave bold figure of a man! And who knows but, in time, he might come to be a general; ay, and command armies! For he fears nothing! He has lately saved us a dipping, nay and for aught I know a drowning too, and we really should do something for him; for he is a great favourite, and a very good young man. However, I thought it best to mention the matter first to you, and will expect your answer.

A. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

I MUST write, dear Louisa. My heart feels as if it were estranged by silence, and thinks it has a thousand things to repeat; though, when it comes to enquire what, they seem as if they had all vanished. Not but I have a little incident to relate, which interests us both; the Dramatis Personæ being, as usual, Clifton, Frank Henley, and the friend of my Louisa.

We

We yesterday paid a visit to my aunt Wenbourne, at her summer villa of Richmond. But I ought to premise, that I am sorry to see Clifton again looking on Frank Henley with uneasiness, and a kind of suspicion that might almost be called jealousy.

Having consulted Sir Arthur, I mentioned it, as a pleasant excursion, to Clifton; and added, as soon as Frank Henley should come, I would desire him to hold himself in readiness. Sir Arthur was present; and Clifton, in a pouting kind of manner, whispered me—"Can we never go any where without that young fellow dogging us at the heels?"

I smiled it off, rapped him on the knuckles with my thimble, told him he was naughty, and said we must not suffer merit to think itself neglected. Clifton began to sing Britons strike home; which he soon changed to Rule Britannia: sure tokens that he was not pleased; for these are the tunes with which he always sings away his volatile choler. But one of the columns, on which I raise my system, is a determination

determination to persist in the right. Frank Henley was therefore invited, and accompanied us.

Clifton endeavoured to pout ; but, as I did not in the least change my good humour, knowing how necessary it was rather to increase than diminish it, he could not long hold out, and soon became as chearful and as good company as usual ; and his flow of spirits, and whimsical combinations, are very exhilarating.

After dinner, my good old aunt presently got to wordy wars with Frank ; in which, as you may suppose, she had little chance of victory. But she called in Clifton, to be her auxiliary ; and he fell into the same pettish half-haughty, half-contemning kind of manner, in which he had so improperly indulged, previous to the accident of the lake, in France. I looked at him ; he understood me, and endeavoured, but rather awkwardly, to change his tone.

The conversation continued, and he was again becoming warm ; and, while
Frank

Frank was laying down the law to my aunt, at which I could perceive his tongue tingled, I took an opportunity to warn him to beware, for that I had more than one crow to pluck with him already.

However, as the best and securest mode was, from the temper of the parties, to put an end to the conversation, I rose, and proposed a walk, and my proposal was accepted.

I was particularly cautious to say as little to Frank as I could, purposely that Clifton might have no retort upon me; though a part of my plan is to accustom him to see me just to the merits of Frank, without indulging any unworthy suspicions. But this I did not think a fit occasion for such experiments.

We returned to town, and I purposed, when Clifton should come to pay me his morning visit next day, to read him a gentle lecture. Of this he was aware; and, feeling, as I suppose, that he should make a bad serious defence, knew a comic one would better serve his turn; for his
fancy

fancy and humour appear to be inexhaustible.

The first thing he did, when he entered the room, was to fall down on his knees, like a child to his school-mistress, holding his hands pressed flatly together, with a piteous face and a "Pray, pray!" I laughed, and told him he was a very bad child. His "Pray, pray!" was repeated, with another strangely pleasant contortion of countenance. But I still answered—"No, indeed—I should not forgive him, till I had made him truly sensible of his fault." On which he rose from his knees, pulled out a paper fool's cap, which he had been carving and fashioning for himself, fixed it on his head, and placed himself, with a new kind of penitential countenance, in a corner; continuing such quaint mimicry, of a child in sorrow, that there was no resisting fair and downright laughter.

I still made two or three attempts to begin to argue, but they were ineffectual; they were all answered with some new antics,

antics, and I was obliged at last to say—
“ Well, well! I find you are sensible how
“ much you deserve punishment; and
“ therefore I dare say will take care not
“ to offend in future.”

After this, he gave the whole discourse a comic and a witty cast, embellishing it with all the flights of his rich and strong imagination, on purpose to avoid the possibility of remonstrance. This is a certain sign that it must be very painful to him; unless indeed we allow for the pleasure which he cannot but take, in exhibiting the activity of his mind. Yet painful I am sure it is. Contradiction is a thing to which he has not been accustomed. He has no doubt led the opinions of his companions; partly by conforming to and strengthening their favourite prejudices, though chiefly by his superior talents: and to be too often encountered, by any one whose intellects are more clear and consistent than his own, is a kind of degradation to which he scarcely knows how to submit.

With respect to Frank Henley, whenever he is pleading the cause of truth, he is inflexible. I have sometimes indeed known him silent, when he was hopeless of doing good : but at others I have heard him blame himself for this, and assert that we never ought to despair ; for that truth, no matter how violently opposed at the moment, would revive in the mind, and do her office, when the argument and the anger should be wholly forgotten.

I believe the observation to be just. But he is no common thinker ! No ! I am almost persuaded he is the first of human beings ! Equal, nay I have sometimes even thought superior, to Louisa herself !

As you perceive, dear friend of my heart, that I know you too well to fear offending you, I am sure you will do me the justice at the same time to confess that I do not seek to flatter.

Thus, dear Louisa, you perceive, we do not perhaps make quite so swift a progress as we could wish : but we must be satisfied. The march of knowledge is slow,
impeded

impeded as it is by the almost impenetrable forests and morasses of error. Ages have passed away, in labours to bring some of the most simple of moral truths to light, which still remain over-clouded and obscure. How far is the world, at present, from being convinced that it is not only possible, but perfectly practicable, and highly natural, for men to associate with most fraternal union, happiness, peace, and virtue, were*but all distinction of rank and riches wholly abolished; were all the false wants of luxury, which are the necessary offspring of individual property, cut off; were all equally obliged to labour for the wants of nature, and for nothing more; and were they all afterward to unite, and to employ the remainder of their time, which would then be ample, in the promotion of art and science, and in the search of wisdom and truth!

The few arts that would then remain would be grand; not frivolous, not the efforts of cunning, not the prostitution of genius in distress, to flatter the vanity of

insolent wealth and power, or the depraved taste of an ill-judging multitude; but energies of mind, uniting all the charms of fancy with all the severe beauties of consistent truth.

Is it not lamentable to be obliged to doubt whether there be an hundred people in all England, who, were they to read such a letter as this, would not immediately laugh at the absurd reveries of the writer?—But let them look round, and deny, if they can, that the present wretched system, of each providing for himself instead of the whole for the whole, does not inspire suspicion, fear, disputes, quarrels, mutual contempt, and hatred. Instead of nations, or rather of the whole world, uniting to produce one great effect, the perfection and good of all, each family is itself a state; bound to the rest by interest and cunning, but separated by the very same passions, and a thousand others; living together under a kind of truce, but continually ready to break out into open war; continually jealous, of each other; continually .

continually on the defensive, because continually dreading an attack ; ever ready to usurp on the rights of others, and perpetually entangled in the most wretched contentions, concerning what all would neglect, if not despise, did not the errors of this selfish system give value to what is in itself worthless.

Well, well !—Another century, and then— !

In the mean time let us live in hope ; and, like our worthy hero, Frank, not be silent when truth requires us to speak. We have but to arm ourselves with patience, fortitude, and universal benevolence.

Pardon this prattle !—The heart will sometimes expand ; and it is then weak enough to plead that the effusions of friendship claim attention, and respect. This is among the prejudices of our education, and I know not who has hitherto overcome them all. I can only say, dear Louisa, it is not her who is most affectionately your

A. W. ST. IVES.

P. S. Clifton is quite successful with my relations: he has won the heart of my aunt. Every moment he was absent was lavished in his praise. "He was a handsome man, prodigiously handsome, exceedingly well bred, a man of great understanding, and what was more a man of family. His pretensions were well founded; it was a very proper connection, and was very much approved by her." Nor did the good old lady omit various sarcastic hints glancing at Frank, and which were not softened by the opposition he made to her opinions.— But he is too great a lover of truth to betray it for the sake of self; and she too much an admirer of her own prejudices not to be offended at contradiction. Once more, Louisa, we are the creatures that education has made us; and consequently I hope we shall hereafter be wiser and better.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

LOUISA CLIFTON

TO

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES.

Refs-Bank.

AN odd circumstance, my dear Anna, has happened here, of which I think it necessary to inform you immediately.

Honest Aby has again been with us.— He came and enquired for my mamma. Disappointment, chagrin, and ill-humour were broadly legible on his countenance. He talked in his odd dialect; which I cannot

cannot remember accurately enough to repeat ; said he had just received a letter from Sir Arthur, from which he understood something that to him appeared to be matter of great surprise ; which was that Sir Arthur intended to bestow your hand on my brother ; and, in a half submissive half authoritative way, wanted to know whether it were true ; and whether my mamma knew any thing of the business.

She acknowledged that such were the intentions of the two families ; and he answered that, for his part, he thought they might as well ~~think~~ ~~no~~ more of the matter ; muttering the words *wherewithal and coal*.

Mrs. Clifton desired him to be explicit ; but he continued in half sentences, repeating that the ready was not so easy to be had, and rhino was a scarce commodity. Neither could he tell what might happen. There were foreclosures, and docking of entails, and many things to be settled ; and cash must come from where
it

it could be got; but not from him, he believed.

My mamma, mild as she is, was obliged to check his growling inclination to be insolent; and then he had his whole bead-roll of fine words, with which he has so often tickled the ear of Sir Arthur, at his tongue's end; and ran them off with his usual gracious, and very humble obedient volubility.

Had I not received your last, * his discourse would have been more enigmatical to me: but, as it was, I understood him tolerably well. The bitterness of gall is at his heart. The greatness of his visible disappointment shews how high his hopes had been raised; and I suspect he is determined they shall not be very easily pulled down. For, after having acted all his abject humility, he could not forbear again to murmur over his threats, as he was

* Letter LVIII: whence we may conclude that the letter immediately preceding this was not come to hand.

leaving the room ; and there was an air of self-sufficient confidence so apparent in his face that, I am persuaded, the obstacles he has the power to raise are much greater than you, my dear friend, have ever supposed.

I cannot describe to you, my best Anna, how deeply my mind is agitated, at times, concerning this marriage. I censure myself very severely, for seeming to indulge improper fears, one minute ; and perhaps, the next, am more angry with myself for not disinterestedly pleading the cause of Frank Henley. If there could be a miracle in nature, I should think his being the son of *honest Aby* one. What can I say ? My doubts are too mighty for me ! I know not how, or what, to advise. The reasons you have urged are indeed weighty : yet they have never made an impression so deep upon my mind, as not to take flight, and leave their opponent arguments in some sort the victors.

Nor can I be more angry with myself, on any occasion, than I am at this moment.

I distress

I distress and trouble you with my fears, when I ought to keep them to myself; unless I could determine whether they were or were not well founded. They are even increased by the recollection that, in all probability, Clifton could now much less bear disappointment than the strong minded and generous Frank.

Then, my Anna! Should ill happen to her, from an undertaking the motive of which is so worthy, so dignified, what should I say? Should misfortune come, how could I excuse myself, for having neglected to dissuade, and to urge such reasons as have appeared to me the strongest? What could I say, but repeat the diffidence of my mind, the want of full and satisfactory conviction, and the fear of mistake?

The only buckler, with which I oppose these insurrections of reason, is the omnipotence of truth, and Anna St. Ives! And, when I recollect this, my terrors

are hushed, and I think her sure of conquest.

The very affirmative tokens which Aby displayed of his own consequence, convince me however that there will be delay. How Clifton will submit to it is to be seen. His letter to my mamma is all impatience, and expectation. But I have talked with her, and she appears to be determined that nothing can be done, till Sir Arthur is ready to pay the sum he proposed.

My Anna will not be very ready to attribute this to avarice; for no one can think more highly of her than Mrs. Clifton does. But my father, at his death, left the family in absolute distress, from which she has retrieved it, by her economy and good sense: retrieved it, that is, in part; for there are still many heavy debts to pay, and mortgages to be cleared. Her plans have been severe; and of long continuance; deeply thought on, and perseveringly executed. To convince her

her that any part of them ought to be relinquished scarcely appears possible.— Nor am I sure that, obliged as we are to conform to the present system of things, they are not all just. Beside which she is not in a state of health to support the fatigue of argument, or the pain of contradiction.

She likewise considers Sir Arthur as a weak old gentleman ; who, if this opportunity were abandoned, would perhaps never have the spirit or the power, hereafter, to do his daughter justice : and she thinks that, for your sake, she ought not in the least to relax. Should you, my dear Anna, reason differently, I am still certain that you will reason charitably.

With respect to my brother, it may perhaps be fortunate, should the suspense afford you time for further trials ; and we may have cause to rejoice at the accident, which had checked the precipitate impatience of passion.

Though I expect a letter from you by to-morrow's post, I think this of too much consequence

consequence to suffer any delay: I shall therefore seal it, and send it off immediately.

Heaven bless and eternally preserve my dear Anna!

L. CLIFTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

ABIMELECH HENLEY

TO

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES.

Wenbourne-Hill.

Most onnurable Sir, my ever onnurd Master,

YOUR onnur has a thrown me quite into a quandary! I couldn't have thoft it! For why? My thofts were all in the mercifool praise and glorification of your onnur; and I had a done nothink but say how good and gracious your onnur had a bin, to me and mine. But I do find, a favin and exceptin your ever onnurable onnur, 'tis all a gull queerum! Whereof the face of affairs is quite transmogrified!

And

And so, aft for raifin the wind of twenty thousand pounds, I find the think is neither kompariffuble nur a parallel to common sense. For why? It is not to be had. A man's money is his own, your onnur; and when a has got it, there's as good law for he as for a dooke. Always a favin and exceptin your most exceptionable onnur, as in duty boundin. For as I wus a fayin, your onnur, when a man has a got the super nakullums, who shall take it from him? Because why, it is his own.

If so be as the whats and the whys and the wherefores had a bin a forth cummin, why then the shiners might a seen the light of day, mayhap. But a man's son; why a's his son; a's his own; a's his goods and chattels, and law and rite; bein of the race of his own begettin, feedin, and breedin. Whereby I cannot but say, love me love my dog. Always a favin and exceptin your onnurable onnur, as aforefaid.

And aft for the rhino, why some do fave, and some do spend, and some do hold, and some do let go, and some do
have,

have, and some do want. Whereupon if so be as he as a has the most a may be as good as another. Why not? Always a favin and exceptin your ever onnurable onnur as aforesaid. But when so be as a man has the wherewithalls, why a let him begin to hold up his head, I say. Why not? For why? It is the omnum gathurum that makes the man. And if I do a doff my hat to my betters, there a be and a bin the whats and the whys and the wherefores for it. But I can a doff my hat, or I can a keep it on my head; and mayhap a can begin to look my betters in the face, as well as another. Why not? Always a favin and exceptin your ever exceptionable onnur, as in duty boundin.

And ast for famalies and names, I axes nothing about they. A tell me who has the most kole? I axes that! Mayhap Henley may be as good a name as Clifton. And ast for famalies, why it is notorious that Adam and Eve wus the begettin of us all; always a favin and exceptin your onnurable

onnurable onnur. Whereof a there's an end of that.

Whereby your onnurable onnur was a menshinnin the mortgages ; and of a seein of every think a treeved and settled, afore your onnur do die. But as thinks do be likely to turn out, why every man for himself, and God for us all. There be foreclosures mayhap, that a be to be thoft of. For why? There a be wheels within wheels.

If so be indeed as if thinks had a turned up trumps, why then ay, it would a bin summut ; all smooth and go softly, and there might a behappened to be sunshine and fair weather at Wenbourne-Hill. For why? Every think would then a bin clear and above board. Thinks would a then a bin safe and sure to all fides ; and your onnurable onnur would mayhap a seen that your onnur would a lost nothink by the bargain. For why? Missee my younk lady might a paradventered to have had all, in the upshot ; and an ever gracious and glorious and mercifool my younk lady
missee

missie she would a then a bin. Whereby as matters be likely to turn out, why thinks must a take their course. Thof a mayhap folks may go further and fare worse. Whereof if so be as lives have a bin saved, by land and by water, and a man's son is thoft to be somebody, why mayhap a may not a take it so kindly to be chouse flickurd.

For my part, I thoft as thof all thinks had a bin as good as settled; and that in all partikillers missie my younk lady, of ever mercifool affability, would a bin left to please herself. Why not? When precious lives have a bin saved, and when there a bin shootins, and leapins, and swimmins, and fousins, I say as aforesaid, why that's a summut; and a man's own son mayhap won't a like to be flamdudgind.

And so as to mortgages to be paid off, your onnurable onnur, why mayhap that's a sooner said nur done. For I say as aforesaid, that it seems as if whereby, if it had not a bin for some folks, some folks would

a now

a now a bin in their salt water graves: always a favin and exceptin your ever exceptionable onnur, as in duty boundin. Whereby take me ritely, your onnurable onnur, I means nothink amifs. If thinks be a skew whift, why it be no fault of mine. It is always a favin and exceptin of your onnurable onnur: being as I be ready to glorify to the whole world of all your futur lovin kindness of blessins of praise, a done and a testified to me and mine.

Whereof as to frippery jerry my gingle red coats and cockades, why they be nothink of my seekin. For why? They be the betokens of the warnins of the signs of the bloody cross of anti-christ, and the whore of Babilon, and of the dispensation of the kole, and the squitter squanderin of the wherewithalls, and the supernakullums. Whereby an honest man's son may become to be bami-boozild, and addle-brained, and foistee fubbd, belike, as finely as his neighbours. So that if so be as I have a bin a ponder-
aitin

aitin that there a be nothink to be got by it. Always a favin and exceptin of the bleffins of praise, and mercifool glory, of your ever exceptionable onnurable onnur's lovin kindness, and goodness; and every think of that there umbel and very submissive obedient kind, as in duty boundin.

Witch is all at present, beginnin and endin to the everlastin power of almighty joys eternal; umbelly beggin leave to superscribe meself

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

LET-

LETTER LXVI.

 ABIMELECH HENLEY

TO

FRANK HENLEY.

Wenbourne-Hill.

WHY what be all a this here? What is it that a be about, dolt? Here's a rum-pus! Here's a fine to do! You be a pretty squire Nicodemus Nincompoop! You a son of my own begettin, feedin, and breed-in! You feeze the fulhams! Why they would a draw your i teeth for ee! Marry come fairly! You the jennyalogy of my own body and loins? No, by lady! And so squire my lord Timothy Doodle has a
 T. H. I. bin

bin flib gibberd, and queerumd, after all? Thof if fo be as notwithstanding a that Misfee, my younk lady, had as good as a bin playin at catch me come kifs me, and all in the dark with'n; and thof I had a fifflicated the Sir Dandle Dunderpate, a here a do stand, a fuckin his thumbs! Thof fo be as how I told him to make up to Misfee, and the twenty thousand pounds! What, a did n't I put words into your mouth, as good as a ready butterd, as I may say? What, a did n't I give ee all your pees and cues? Because as why, I did a know a wus a quaumee kintlin. And fo a has played with the mouse and has a lost it at last! A fine kettle of fish a's made on't! Whereof forsooth, fo as that now as that all o'the fat's in the fire, why I must a be fet to catch the colt if I can. Why ay, to be sure! Whereby if fo be as the Gaby goose may now go barefoot! And a whose fault is that? No! A would n't a be akin to a good estate; not he!

But harkee me chit! Mind what I be about to say to ee, Simon the simple, and
mayhap

mayhap thinks may become to be kompariffuble and parallel to the yellow hammers and the chink, for all of all this here rig royster. For why? I can put a spoke in the wheel of the marriage act and deed. Madam Clifton wonnot a budge a finger, to the signin and sealin of her gratification of applause, whereby as if so be as that the kole a be not a forth cummin, down on the nail head. And where now might Timothy Tipkin fissicate that it may behappen to be for to come from? Pummel thy pumkin, and a tell me that, Peter Grievous. Where, but out of my pouche, Gaby? That is, I first havin and holdin the wherewithalls, and the whys, and the wherefores. Do you take me now! So that forsooth, some folks may behappen to cry peccavi.

Whereby mind what I do tell ee. For why? I've as good as a told Sir Arthur the wind is a not to be raised for any of a fitch of a flammbite of a tale of a tub. Whereby I a told'n a bit of my mind. And if so be as if a will wince, a maphap it may come
to

to pass that I can kick. A shall find I was not a bred and a born and a begotten yesterday. An a champ upon it, let'n. Arra will run rusty, mayhap a may belike to get his head in a hedge. So mind what I do say to ee; and tell 'em that they may a behappen to find that your father is somebody, and that you are his son. A tell 'em that.

So do you strike up to Miffie boldly. Mind what ee be at; and let 'em like it or leave it. For if so be as when a man has a got the Marygolds, why then let'n begin to speak for himself. Why not?

Whereby I have now once again given the costard monger his pees and his cues. So that if so be as if a do find that sweet fauce be good for goose, why let'n a give his tongue an oilin. But if so be as a do find a be Sir Arthur Crabvarjus o'the high ropes, why then, says you, look ee me, says you, honest Aby is my father; and when a man has a got the wherewithalls, why a begins to be somebody, and mayhap a's as good as another. A tell 'em that.

And so no more at present; a savin and exceptin of the all bountifool glory of the everlastin praise of joys eternal, livin and hopin for time to repent us of all our manifold sins, and of a dyin in peace and charity with all men. Whereby we shall be sure to partake of the resurrection of the just sheep, and of the virgin oil in our lamps, and of the martyrs and of the profits and of the saints everlastin rest.

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

FRANK HENLEY

to

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

London, Grosvenor Street.

OLIVER, it is not half an hour since I ended writing one of the most undutiful and bitter Philippics, that ever was addressed by a son to his father. I say undutiful, because this wise world has decreed that to abhor, reprove, and avoid vice in a father, instead of being the performance of a duty, is offensive to all moral feeling.

F 2

I have

I have just received a letter from him, chiding and blaming me, with his usual acrimony, for a supposed want of cunning; and for not aiding him in what I perceive now to be the design he has most at heart; which is my marriage with the divine Anna. He has almost disgusted me with myself, for having, though ineffectually, endeavoured to aid him so well. Nay I have been tempted to shew his letter to Sir Arthur. But, on recollection, I have thrown the Philippic I mentioned into the fire; and have determined on silence; for I perceive harm that may result from a contrary conduct, but no good. To swerve, to the right or the left, from the direct path of principle and truth, because of the selfish, narrow, and unwise views of others, is to be weak and culpable.

What, indeed, has relationship to do with truth? No human ties can bind us to error: and, while we rigorously act according to the rules of truth, as far as we know them, the comments, mistakes, disapprobation, and even resentment, of
relation,

relation, friend, or father, ought to be disregarded.

I must own, however, I have still the folly to feel additional grief that errors of so mean, so selfish, so dishonest a nature should have taken such firm possession of the mind of my father; and I am afraid I could support them better in the person of another.

Having determined not to write to him, I have written to thee, to give vent and relief to these feelings. Of course thou wilt tell me if thou seest any reason, which I have not discovered, why I ought to communicate the contents of his letter to Sir Arthur; whom he vaunts of having in his power, and whom he is determined not to supply with money, for the projected marriage with Clifton. My conviction is that to shew this letter would but increase their mutual anger, and render compliance on my father's part, whose temper I know, still less probable than it is; if less it can be.

Adieu.

F. HENLEY.

LETTER LXVIII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES.

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

I WRITE, at present, to my dear Louisa, that by writing I may divert the perturbation of my mind. But I must begin calmly; for I have so much to say, that I scarcely know what to say first. Our mutual conjectures, concerning honest Aby, are in part verified. I conclude thus, not from having seen any more of his letters, but from knowing more have been received; which, instead of having been shewn

shewn me, have, if I do not mistake, thrown Sir Arthur into some of the most serious reflections he ever experienced. I never knew him so grave, thoughtful, and pensive, as he has been for some days—

My brother too!—But more of him by and by.

Observing the efforts of reflection, and desirous of aiding, alleviating, or increasing them, as should be most prudent, I took an opportunity, after breakfast, when Sir Arthur and I were alone, of speaking to him; and we had the following dialogue.

I think, sir, you seem more thoughtful lately than usual. I am afraid there is something disturbs you. Can I—?

No, no—Nothing—Not much. Worldly matters, which you do not understand.

I am far from wishing, sir, to intrude into your private concerns; except they were such as might relate to me, and—

Mere money matters, child; of which you have no knowledge—[We paused; Sir Arthur seeming as if his mind laboured

with a subject which he knew not how to begin]—Where is Mr. Henley?

Retired to his apartment, sir. This is his time of day for study.

He is a very learned young man.

Not so learned, I believe, sir, as wise.

Are not they the same thing?

I think not, sir.

Well then, a very wise young man—

You think him so; do you not, Anna?

I do, sir.

You have a very high opinion of him?

I have, sir.

Perhaps a higher than of any other young gentleman, with whom you are acquainted.

I am indeed afraid, sir, I have never seen his equal.

Humph!—You—You are not sparing of your praise.

You asked me a question, sir, and would not have me guilty of equivocation, or falsehood.

No, child: I am pleased with your sincerity;

cerity; and I hope and expect you will be equally sincere in every thing you say.

Of that, sir, you may be assured.

What are your reasons for thinking so exceedingly well of Mr. Henley?

My reasons, sir?

Yes; your reasons.

I own I am a little surpris'd at this question from you, sir; who have been a witness to so many of his virtues, and their effects.

[I then briefly recapitulated the progress of Frank from a child in virtue, insisting on the numerous proofs of which we so lately had been witnesses. I recounted the histories of the highwayman, and of Peggy and her husband; the adventure of the lake; and the protection we found from his skill, strength, and courage at Deal; not forgetting the attendant incidents of each, nor neglecting to give such brief but strong touches as feeling dictated.]

I must own, he is a very extraordinary young man!

Yet we can know but a part of the good effected by a mind so active and so virtuous. Though I perhaps know more than you, sir.

Ay!—What? Let me hear.

You think me partial already, sir.

No, no. Let me hear.

The very night we arrived at Paris, he prevented Mr. Clifton and the Count de Beaunoir from fighting a duel.

Indeed!

Yet never mentioned it; nor perhaps ever would, had not we afterward met with the Count at the Chateau de Villebrun.

That was very odd!

Nay more, sir; but a day or two before that he saved the life of Mr. Clifton, he had submitted to the insult of a blow from him, rather than fight a duel.

A blow——?

He does not want courage, sir, you are convinced.

No, no—It is what he calls one of his principles not to fight duels—He is a very extraordinary

extraordinary young man!—And not, I think much like his father.

As opposite, sir, as day and night, grace and deformity, virtue and vice.

You think but indifferently of Abimelech.—

I think very ill of him, sir. I think him selfish, cunning, covetous, and dishonest.

Dishonest?

In the eye of equity, though not perhaps of the law.

Why did not you tell me your opinion sooner?

I did, sir.

I do not remember it.

No, sir: it made no impression, because you did not think it true.

May be so—And you do not find any of these bad qualities in the son?

Bad!—If all the highest gifts of intellect, if memory, perspicuity, perception, and genius; added to all the virtues, wisdom, benevolence, philanthropy, and self-denial; if to be the active friend of man

and the declared enemy of error, and of that alone ; if these can entitle him to esteem, admiration, reverence and praise, why then esteem admiration, reverence and praise are justly his due.

You are warm in your encomiums.

Indeed, sir, I think I am cold.

How so ?

Because my encomiums are so very much beneath his deserts.

Anna——[Sir Arthur assumed a very serious tone and look.]

Proceed, sir—Do not be afraid of questioning me. You shall find, my dear father, a child that will answer truly, affectionately, and I hope dutifully.

[I kissed his hand, pressed it, and wet it with an unwilling tear. The impassioned heart, Louisa, will sometimes rebel against the cold apathy of reason ; but such revolt is but of short duration.]

Are you aware, Anna, of the state of your own affections ?

I think so, sir,

You think ?

Well

Well then, I am certain.

You say Mr. Henley has no equal?

In my opinion, none, sir.

Look you there!

But do you think, sir, I will not emulate the virtues I admire: or that, because I have a just sense of his worth, I will trespass against my duties to the world, my sex, my family and my father?

Anna!—Child!—[The tears stood in Sir Arthur's eyes. He stretched out both hands, and I flew to his arms.—After a short interval of silence, Sir Arthur proceeded.] Tell me, Anna: What are your thoughts of Mr. Clifton?

I think him, sir, a very extraordinary gifted gentleman.

But not a Mr. Henley?

Not at present, sir. Time I hope will make him one.

No, child, never.

Why so, sir?

I cannot tell why, but I am sure it never will. They are two very different men.

Mr.

Mr. Clifton, fir, has uncommon powers of mind.

May be so; I suppose so; I only say they are very different men. Their tempers are different, their opinions, their manners, every thing.

I do not imagine, fir, they will ever exactly resemble each other; but I think myself sure they will continually approach.

Indeed!

Yes, fir.

May be so; but I own I doubt it. Mr. Clifton is a gentleman, both by birth and education.

That I own, fir, may be a great disadvantage; but—

Disadvantage, child!

Our conversation was here interrupted, Louisa, by a letter brought me from my brother. Read it, and judge of what I felt.

“ Dear

“ Dear Sister,

“ I AM a ruined man, unless I could
“ command a sum of money which it is
“ impossible for me to raise. I last night
“ lost three thousand pounds, upon ho-
“ nour, which I am totally unable to pay.
“ And, what is worse, I did not lose it to
“ a gentleman, but to a sharper; who,
“ the very last throw he made, let a third
“ die fall upon the table. But this is of
“ no avail; he is an unprincipled, daring
“ fellow; denies any foul play with im-
“ precations and threats, and insists on
“ being paid. I know you cannot help
“ me to such a sum; and I suppose my
“ father will not. For my part, I can
“ neither pay it nor think of living, under
“ the disgrace and infamy which must
“ follow.

“ EDWARD ST. IVES.”

Sir Arthur saw my agitation; and, had
I been desirous, it would have been diffi-
cult to have concealed the letter, or its
contents.

contents. I shewed it him, and his perplexity and pain I believe exceeded mine. It was impossible, he said, for him immediately to pay the money: it would greatly distress him at any time. It likewise shewed the deplorable state of my brother's affairs. The Edgemoor estate, every thing gone!

Sir Arthur knew not how to act. I was in a tremor, and could not persuade myself there was any way so safe as that of consulting Frank Henley. This I proposed; Sir Arthur instantly acquiesced, and he was sent for down. After reading the letter, the only expedient, he said, which he could think of, was to visit my brother; either accompanied by or under the sanction of Sir Arthur. My father absolutely refused to go himself; but he gave Frank full powers to act for him, and as he should think most prudent. Before he went, he endeavoured to calm our fears: saying he thought it impossible, if such a rascal as this gambler were properly dealt with, but

but that he must be glad to renounce his claim.

Frank is now absent on this desperate business; sent, by my officiousness, to encounter a practised ruffian!

What could I do? A brother threatening his own life! Yet what is the life of such a brother, to that of Frank Henley?

I hope he is not in danger! I think I was obliged to do as I have done; though indeed I am very ill satisfied with myself.

The chief purpose of my writing this long dialogue, which I had with Sir Arthur, was to ward off fears: for surely it is but a folly to anticipate misfortune. I should else not have written till to-morrow. And must I alarm my friend, by sending this before I know the result of so dangerous an affair? I think I ought not.

Clifton has just been with me. It could not long escape his quick penetration that
my

my thoughts were deeply occupied. He was earnest with me to accompany him, in the evening, to see Garrick in Richard III. but could not prevail. He taxed me with absence of mind, and was kindly earnest to know why I was so serious. I told him at last it was a family concern; and this did but increase his eagerness to know of what nature. I was obliged to own he was too impetuous to be trusted at such a critical minute. Frank Henley I hoped would effect every thing that could be done.

He repeated, with great chagrin, "Frank Henley!—He was sorry not to be thought as worthy of a trust of danger, and as zealous for the honour of the family, as even the favourite Frank Henley."

I replied my mind was not enough at ease, to give a proper answer to such a remark; which however was far from a just one.

He felt the rebuke, and apologised; with praises of Frank Henley's prudence, and

and accusations of his own intemperate haste. "But wise people knew how to
"be cool. Prudence and wisdom were
"cold blooded qualities. Good or harm,
"of any moment, if done by him, must
"be done in a kind of passion. It was
"his temper, his nature, which he tried
"in vain to correct. Neither was he quite
"certain that such a temper was not the
"best: at least it was the most open and
"honest.——"

I told him he was mistaken in most of these fancies: but he seemed not to hear me, and went on——

"He could not but own he was piqued,
"and almost grieved, to find he must de-
"spair of meriting the preference; and
"that he was destined to find a rival,
"where rivalry ought perhaps least to
"be expected."

My temper of mind did not permit me to argue with him; I could much rather have indulged the woman, and burst into tears; but I subdued my feelings, and
could

could think of no better mode of reproving him than to retire. I accordingly withdrew, without answering, and left him making ineffectual struggles with his pride, his consciousness of error, and his desire of being heard, and reconciled to himself, and me.

He told me, yesterday, he was surprised at not receiving an answer from Mrs. Clifton, and at the silence of Sir Arthur. I made no reply because I had not considered how I could address myself to him with the best effect. But I mean, when he mentions it again, to inform him of the probability of delay. I, like you, my friend, think delay rather a fortunate incident than otherwise.

But why, Louisa, should you suppose it necessary to justify the conduct of Mrs. Clifton to me? I am well acquainted with her virtues, and the purity of her intentions. Whether I should act with exactly the same caution, under the same circumstances, is more than I can say: but neither

ther can I say that my prudence, and fore-
fight, would equal hers.—I think I hear
Frank Henley. I am all impatience and
alarm. Adieu.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

FRANK has this moment left me. He is still in pursuit of this business, which is by no means brought to a conclusion. He has been with my brother, and has met the gambler; with whom two very characteristic dialogues have passed, which Frank has repeated with considerable humour. My brother was only present at and bore his part in the second. The man

is

is a perfect master of his vile trade ; a practised duellist ; as expert, Frank says, in killing of men as in cogging of dice.—
A Hibernian bravo ; determined to pursue the most desperate means to effect his purpose.

Energy in vice or virtue, Frank remarks, is the characteristic of the Irish. It is a noble quality, of which no nation perhaps has more, if any so much ; but it is frequently abused by them, and made productive of the most hateful effects.

Frank was with my brother in his dressing-room, when the man came and was shewn into an anti-chamber by the servant. Edward was sufficiently unwilling to see him, and readily agreed to the proposal Frank made, of first conversing with him, as my brother's friend.

Frank accordingly went to him, and says he was struck at the sight of the man, being much deceived if he be not an old acquaintance. I was and still am surprised at what Frank told me ; but he begged I would suspend my curiosity, till he himself

self should be better satisfied; and proceeded with his dialogue.

Your name I believe, fir, is Mr. Mac Fane.

At your sarvice, fir.

I am the friend of Captain St. Ives.

Then to be sure, fir, you are a gintleman, and a man of honour. I am a gintleman and a man of honour myself.

Do you say that from your conscience, fir?

From my conscience? Ay, fir! Why not? When all my debts due are duly and truly paid, why I shall have ten thousand pounds in my pocket.

There are people, fir, heretical enough to suppose that even ten thousand pounds are no absolute proof of honour.

No, indeed!—Why then, for those very scrupulous people, I have an excellent pair of proof pistols, which I believe are absolute enough. Becase I would take the odds that they would hit a bird's eye flying.

Those

Those arguments I own are difficult to withstand.

Stand!—Faith, and if any man shall think proper to stand, I will fetch him down.—[Remember, Louisa, I am imitating this man's language, as delivered by Frank; though I believe my memory is tolerably correct.] But I should be proud to speak a word with your friend; because that will be more to the point.

He requested me to inform you, sir, he should be glad if you would delay your visit an hour or two; and I think it will be the safest; for you I perceive, sir, are rather warm; and his temper, as you may imagine, cannot be so cool, just at present, as usual.

His temper!—Faith, sir, and the devil a care care I about his temper! And as for warm and cool, I can be either, or neither, or both. I have won the money, and the Captain must pay it; or else d'ye see, sir—!

You'll hit the bird's eye flying?

Ay; flying, or lying, or any way!—

However, I will take a turn and come back by and by. I have two or three calls to make on some peers of my acquaintance. I am a man of nice honour, fir.

And you imagine, nice though it is, that your honour is suspected.

By my soul, fir, I imagine no such thing. Because as why, I think it would not be very safe. I tell you very seriously, fir, that I have a sure secret to cure any impertinent suspicions of my honour; as I beg you would inform your friend, Captain St. Ives; who, being a man of honour himself, knows what belongs to the business. These, fir, are tender points, with every gentleman. And so, fir, I wish you a good morning for the present.

Frank says he was desirous of conversing with the man, that he might discover his character, previous to his concerting any plan of action.

After he was gone, he endeavoured to lead my brother into a discussion on the state of his affairs. But Edward avoided all detail; satisfying himself with affirming

he was a ruined man, and unable to pay the sum. He had no objection to meet the fellow in the field; though certainly the chances were a hundred to one in his disfavour. He might as well die that way as any other. With respect to victory, of that there were but little hopes, with so expert a ruffian, who had practised pistol shooting till he was sure of his mark, which my brother had wholly neglected.

Frank then enquired at what house the money had been lost; and found it had been at one of the common receptacles for gamblers of the second order. No person was present but the groom porter, whom Frank immediately determined to see, and went thither for that purpose. But, on enquiry at the house, he found the man had absconded.

He returned, and had some difficulty to convince my brother that his honour would not suffer by delay; for it was plain that Mr. Mac Fane was resolved on immediately pushing the matter to an
G 2 extreme.

extreme. However, on communicating his own conjectures concerning this man of nice honour, Edward consented to permit Frank to act in his behalf. Frank observes that our men of fashion seem agreed to overlook a portion of insolence from these gamblers, under the affectation of despising them, which the tamest of the fine gentlemen among them would scarcely brook from each other.

In about two hours Mr. Mac Fane returned; and, being introduced to my brother and Frank, another conversation very similar to the former ensued. The man began.

Your servant, gentlemen. I told you last night, Captain, that I would give you a call this morning: and as it is an affair in which your honour is concerned, why I was determined to be very punctual. Because why, you know, I am extremely nice and punctual myself, upon points of honour.

I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, sir, that Captain St. Ives, neither knows
nor

nor owns any such thing; and that I have good reason to believe the very reverse.

Sir!—You—! [Frank says the man put on the true look of a desperado, resolved on mischief if opposed: but that, after pausing a moment, he began, with a kind of humourous anger, to rub the side of his face, as if it were benumbed] Faith on recollection, I believe I got a bit of a cold last night, which makes me rather dull of hearing.

Sir, I repeat—

Rebate!—Boo!—There is no occasion to rebate, at all at all. I remember very well that my friend Captain St. Ives, owes me three thousand guineas; and, it being a debt of honour, why, to be sure he will pay it, without any repating about the matter.

Sir, said my brother, give me leave to tell you—

That you will pay me. You need not tell me that.

Sir—!

There never yet was man that refused to pay me, but oh! The almighty thunder! I gave him a resate in full for the dibt. I made him repint after his death the day that ever he was born.

There's the door, fir, said Frank.

Faith and I know there's the door, fir; but where's the money, Captain?—That is, I don't mane the ready cash: that is not to be expected, from a gintleman—A bond in these cases you know, Captain, is customary.

Sir, there's the door.

I find that your friend, here, is disposed to be a little upon the Captain Copperthorne this morning; and so I shall leave you for the present to consider the matter. I have no doubt but I shall hear from you, Captain, in the course of the four and twenty hours. It is now full three weeks since I heard the whiz of a bullet; and I would advise you, as a friend, not to waste any of your powder and ball upon the prisent occasion. It would only be a buz and blow by business, Captain: for,
by

by the holy limb of Luke, I never yet saw lead that durst look me in the face.

We should be glad to be alone, fir.

Faith, fir, you may be as bluff as you please ; but, when the Captain is a little cool, I shall expect to receive a bit of a message from him ; or may I never look on the bald pate of the blessed Peter but he shall receive a bit of a message from me. And so once more, gentlemen, good morning.

Frank did not lose a moment after he was gone, but hastened home ; first to inform us of his proceedings, thus far ; and next to make the researches on which he is now absent. Here, therefore, my dear Louisa, I must pause ; and once again subscribe myself, most affectionately,

A. W. ST. IVES.

P. S. I have reason to believe that Clifton is more seriously offended than

I ever knew him before. When I refused going to the play with him, he persisted in saying I might change my mind before night, and that he would come again in that hope. His manner of parting with me, after being told Frank was entrusted with a business which we had not dared confide to him, was, as I have described, unusual, and accompanied with more coldness and reserve than either of us had ever before assumed.— It is now eight o'clock, and I have not seen him since. If he have resolution enough to keep away the whole evening, which I suspect he will have, the proof of the truth of my conjectures will be indubitable.

I know not, when he comes to hear the business, whether he will be convinced that he was less proper to transact it than Frank ; otherwise I should not be sorry, could he but certainly feel himself wrong : for it is by a repetition of such lessons that the good we intend must be effected,

Be

Be it as it will, let us neither recede nor slacken our endeavours. I suspect that every worthy task must be a task of difficulty, and often of danger.

LETTER LXX.



ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

*London, Grosvenor-Street.*

FRANK is returned; and, as usual, crowned with success.

I had been puzzling myself to no purpose, concerning Mr. Mac Fane being one of our old acquaintance. It appears he was the accomplice of the highwayman, Webb, the brother of Peggy, who was shot by Frank at Turnham Green. He forbore to tell me, in part because he had not time to connect and relate the grounds
of

of his suspicion ; though his chief reason was lest a whisper, heard by Laura or any other, should have betrayed and overturned his whole scheme.

He went immediately to question Mrs. Clarke, concerning her nephew. She knew not what was become of him ; for, after having determined to go abroad, he changed his mind ; and, being reprov'd and discountenanced by her, he had forborne his visits. She had even refused to hear his name mentioned. But she believed her niece, Peggy, had some knowledge of him ; though she was not certain.

Frank thought proper to confide in Mrs. Clarke, and they immediately went in quest of the niece. From her they learned that he had been promoted to the office of groom-porter at a gambling-house : and in fact he proved to be the very man who had been present at the transaction between Edward and Mr. Mac Fane.

Peggy was next questioned concerning his present hiding-place. She was confus'd ; she stammer'd, and trembled. Was

not her brother in danger? Could she be sure no harm would come to him?—At last, however, the mild and humane reasoning of Frank, and the authority of Mrs. Clarke, subdued her terrors—He was in the house.

It seems the moment he knew it was Captain St. Ives, my brother, whom Mr. Mac Fane had been plundering, he refused to appear, or have any further concern in the affair: and being violently threatened by the gambler, who wanted to force him to come forward as his witness, he concealed himself for fear; not knowing to what excess so desperate a man might be carried by his passions. He and Peggy had just been debating on the propriety of appearing to bear testimony in my brother's behalf; but were too much alarmed to decide.

Frank lost no time. He took the man with him in the carriage, and hastened to my brother's apartments; where he left him, and immediately drove away to Bow-street, to procure the assistance of the police.

lice. Previous to this, Mr. Mac Fane, having received some intimation that there was danger, had written to my brother. The following is a copy of his letter; and no bad specimen of the man.

“ Sir,

“ I find you think that there is a bit of
“ a blunder in this business, and that you
“ doubt the doctors. I understand too
“ that Webb, the groom porter, is under
“ obligations to your honourable family;
“ for which raison the lying spalpeen pre-
“ tends that he smoaked a bale of Ful-
“ hams—To be sure it is all a mistake—I
“ am a man of honour; and you, Cap-
“ tain, are a man of honour also; for
“ which I give up the coal to your gine-
“ rosity, in raison whereof hush is the
“ word. And so, in that case, I remain
“ your most obadient humble sarvant.
“ But if not, why the bull dogs must
“ bark.

“ PHELM MAC FANE.”

Is it not a pity, Louisa, that so much
courage

courage and ability should be perverted to such vile ends? The man, by means of the wealth he had so rapidly collected in this manner, had secured more than one spy among the Bow-street runners. This we learned from Peggy's brother; and it is confirmed by the event; for he has forsaken all his former haunts, and it is conjectured is either gone off for the continent, or, which is more probable, is lying concealed till he can discover how far he is in danger. He was constantly provided with disguises, has been to sea, and is intimately acquainted with the manners of the vulgar; so that, were any strict search made, he would not easily be caught. But he need not fear; his supposed enemy takes no delight in blood; and this he will probably soon learn, and soon again be upon the town.

You wonder, no doubt, how Frank should recognise a man who, attempting to rob us on a dark night, had stationed himself at the head of the carriage. Had he seen no more of him, he would have
been

been in little danger of detection. But, on one of the visits which Frank made to Webb, the brother of Peggy, he had met him on the stairs. Mr. Mac Fane as he descended was opposite the window on the landing-place, and his face was full in the light; while Frank could scarcely be seen by him, being then several steps below him. His countenance is a remarkable one; it has a deep scar above the left eye; and Frank, suspecting him to be the accomplice of the man he was going to visit, had fixed it in his memory.

Frank has since been talking very seriously with this brother of Peggy; and appears to have convinced him that his present profession is as much that of a thief as his former. However, in this short space of time, without understanding the vile arts of a gambler, he has collected between two and three hundred pounds. Such is the folly with which money is squandered at these places. While Mr. Mac Fane is absent, he thinks himself in no danger; and should he return, he has been promised

mised the protection of our family, which he thinks a sufficient guarantee; being rather afraid of him as a desperado than as an accuser. Webb has therefore agreed to take a shop, and exercise his trade as a master. He is a man of quick intellects; and, notwithstanding all that he has done, has many good propensities. As a proof of these, his poor sister, the kind Peggy, has infinite affection for him; and is sure now that he will do well.

Sir Arthur and Edward have both been very sincere and hearty in their thanks to Frank: to which he answers, and answers truly, it was a stroke rather of good fortune than of foresight. But he has gained himself a character; and they are partly of opinion, that every thing must prosper which he undertakes. Aunt Wenbourne too overflows in his praise. Edward is her favourite; and Frank stands now almost as high on her list as he was but a little while ago the reverse; for Edward is continually talking of him to her, and every word he says is orthodox. But opinions
like

like these are too light, too full of prejudice, too mutable to be of much value.

Clifton kept away all the evening; however, after hearing the whole story, he was obliged to acknowledge that, let his other qualities be what they would, he could not have been so successful as Frank in this affair; because he could have known nothing of Mr. Mac Fane. But he did not forget that this was an accident, unforeseen at the time when Frank was trusted.

My constant rule, of equanimity of temper, has restored him to his wonted good-humour. But I perceive he regrets the possibility of any man equalling him in the esteem of those whose friendship he cultivates. Alas! Why does he not rather seek to surpass them, than to envy their virtues?

He says he will propose an eulogium on Frank, and give a prize himself to the French Academy; for he finds he will never get sufficiently praised in England. He never knew so eternal a theme for pænegyric. In fine, it is evident, in despite
of

of his efforts to conceal it, that his jealousy increases: and I suspect he feels this last decision against him more sensibly than any preceding circumstance.

Adieu. Most truly and dearly, your own

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

COKE CLIFTON.

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover Street.

WAR! Fairfax, war!—It is declared! —Open war!—My wrathful spirits are in a blaze, and I am determined. Hear and blame me if you can. But do I not know you! Does not the temper of your letters tell me you will applaud my just anger, and fixed revenge?

Yes, Fairfax, longer to palliate, or wilfully be blind to the partial edicts and haughty ordonnances of this proud beauty, were

were idiotism ! She has presumed too far ; I am not quite so tame a creature as she supposes. She shall find I am not the clay, but the potter. I will mould, not be moulded. Poltron as I was, to think of sinking into the docile, domesticated, timid animal called husband ! But the lion's paws are not yet pared ; beware then, my princess !

The lady would carry it with a high hand, Fairfax. But let her ! If I not note her freaks, if I forget her imperious caprice, if my embittered mind slumber in its intents, say not I am the proud-spirited Clifton you once knew ; that prompt, bold, and inflexible fellow, whom arrogance could rouse, and injury inflame, but a suffering, patient ass ; a meek pitiful thing, such as they would make me !

Wonder not that I now am angry, but that I have so long been torpid. A little phrensy has restored the palsied soul to life, and again has put its powers in motion. I'll play no more at questions and commands

mands—Or, if I do, it shall only be to make sure of my game.

I have been reprov'd, silenced, tonguetied, brow-beaten; have made myself an ape, been placed behind the door, and have shewed tricks for her diversion. But I am not muzzled yet: yet they shall find me one of the *feræ naturæ*.

A most excellent project, forsooth! When I am sufficiently familiarized to contradiction, rebuke, fillips on the forehead, and raps on the knuckles, she will then hear me my prayers, pack me off peaceably to bed for to-night, and graciously bestow a pat and a promise upon me for to-morrow! There is danger in the whim, lady; beauteous though you are, and invincible as you may think yourself. Model me!—No!—I am of a metal which not even your files can touch. You cannot knead, dough-bake, and temper me to your leaven.

Fairfax, she had fascinated me! I own it! There is such incantation in the small circle of her eye, as mortal man scarcely
can

can resist ! I adored her ; nay still adore ! But she knows me not. I have a soul of fire. She has driven me beyond the limits of patience.

Her wisdom degenerates into rhodomontade. She will prescribe the hour and minute when she shall begin to love. She does not pretend to love me yet ; and, if she did, her looks, her manner would betray the falsehood of her heart.

Yet let me not wrong her, vexed though I am. Double dealing is not her error : she is sufficiently sincere.

Why would I hide it from myself ? Her partialities all lead another way : ay, and her passions too, if passions she have. But this most incomprehensible, this tormenting, incoherent romance of determining not to have any, I believe from my soul in part produces the effect she intends, and almost enables her to keep her determination !

Still and eternally, this fellow ! This Frank ! Oh that I were an Italian, and that my conscience would permit me to deal

deal him the stiletto!—Let him beware! —He is employed, preferred, praised! It is eulogium everlasting! Had Fame as many trumpets as she has tongues and lies, they would all be insufficient. And not only she, but the whole family, father, brother, aunts, the devil knows who, each grateful soul is oozing out the froth of its obligations!

Had they less cause, perhaps I should be less irritated: but he has rescued the poor being of a brother, Edward St. Ives, who had neither courage nor capacity to rescue himself, from the gripe of a gambler. This Edward, who is one of the king's captains, God bless him, and who has spent his fortune in learning the trade, not of a man of war, but of a man of fashion, having lost what ready money he had, staked his honour against a cogger of dice, and was presently tricked out of three thousand guineas; which he was too poor in pocket to pay, and, if I guess right, too poor in spirit afterward to face the ruffian whom he had made his companion.

So

So Mr. Henley, and it please you, was chosen, by father and daughter. Though she owns she proposed it first; for she does not scruple to own all which she does not scruple to act. The holy mission was his, to dole out salutary documents of reproof, and apothegms of Epictetus; and to try whether he could not release the bird-limed owl. I was overlooked! I am unfit for the office! I am but little wiser than the booby brother! Whereas Solomon himself, and the seven sages to boot, are but so many men of Gotham, when he is present. The quintessence of all the knowledge, wit, wisdom, and genius that ever saw the sun, from the infantine days of A B C and king Cadmus, to these miraculous times of intuition and metaphysical legerdemain, is bottled up in his brain; from which it foams and whizzes in our ears, every time discretion can be induced to draw the cork of silence.—Once again, let him beware!

I then am selected for no other purpose but for her morality to make experiments upon.

upon.—She is called wise, and wise she may be ; nay wise she is, or at least all other women, she being present, are intolerably foolish. But, by heaven, this is no proof of her wisdom ! I am the scape-goat !——I !——Be it so !——Should she be caught in her own springe, who can say I am to blame ?

She has seen my anger, for I could not hide it ; but she has seen it only in part. A hypocrite she wants, and a hypocrite she shall have. I will act the farce which she is composing ; let her look to the catastrophe.

I begin to think that marriage and I shall never meet ; for, if I withstand her, woman cannot tempt me. And her I shall withstand. At least I never will have her till I have humbled her ; and then perhaps I shall not be in the humour. And yet my heart tells me that I shall. For in spite of all its anger, in spite of her injustice and glaring indifference, the remembrance of which puts me in a fever, it

would be misery to know her, recollect her, and live without her.

But, patience ! Her pride shall first be lowered. I must command, not be commanded : and, when my clemency is implored, I will then take time to consider.

My brain is in a ferment, and its various engines are already in commotion. She herself, her hated favourite, her father, her brother, her aunt, her uncle, her maid, every creature that furrounds her must each and all contribute to my purposes and plots. Parts fit for the actors must be assigned. The how and what I know not yet precisely, for I have scarcely sketched the canvass ; but I have conceived some bold and masterly strokes, and I foresee the execution must be daring and impassioned. I am in haste to begin, and my hot oscillatory spirits can with difficulty be tamed to the still pause of prudence and premeditation : they are eager for the fight, and think caution a tardy general, if not a coward.

I know

I know not how it is, but when I am angry, very angry, I feel as if I were in my element. My blood delights to boil, and my passions to bubble. I hate still water. An agitated sea! An evening when the fiery sun forebodes a stormy morning, and the black-based clouds rise, like mountains with hoary tops, to tell me tempests are brewing! These give emotion and delight supreme! Oh for a mistress such as I could imagine, and such as Anna St. Ives moulded by me could make! One that could vary her person, her pleasures, and her passions, purposely to give mine variety! Whose daily and nightly study all should centre in me, and my gratifications! Whose eyes should flash lightning to rouse the chilled sensations, and shed appeasing dews to quench the fire of rage. These are the objects in which I could delight; these the devotions I require. Change for me. A true English day; in which winter and summer, hail, rain, and sunshine meet and mingle.

I had almost forgotten one chief cause of my resentment; though the most fortunate one I could have wished for to promote my purpose. This Sir Arthur dallies with me. I find, from various items which the candour of her mind has suffered to escape, that the motive is poverty. I am glad of it. I will urge and hurry her into a promise to be mine. The generosity of her temper will aid me. I will plead the injury done me by hesitation. I feel it, and therefore my pleadings will be natural. It is her pride to repair the wrongs which others commit. This pride and this heroism of soul, which I must acknowledge in her are unaffected, shall be the main engines with which I will work. Without these perhaps I might despair; but with them hold myself secure of victory.

Yes, lady of the high sciences, you must descend, and let my star mount the horizon! The gathering clouds must eclipse your effulgence, while I shine chief of the constellation!

As

As for the rest of the family, more or less, they are all fools; therefore are neither to be feared nor pitied. On her perhaps I may have compassion, when I have taught her contrition, and when she knows me for her superior.

I have written a volume, yet have not half disburthened my labouring mind. Oh that I could present the picture to you complete! That I could paint her as she is; all beauty, all excellence, all kindness, all frost! That I could shew the sweet enthusiast in the heyday insolence of her power; pretending to guide, reform, humble, and subjugate me; while love and vengeance swell my heart, hypocrisy smooths my face, and plots innumerable busy my brain! It is a fruitful, rich, resplendent scene; of which, Fairfax, you have no conception. Me you have known, intimately, and are honest enough to own you have admired; but of her all ideal tracings are contemptible!

Nor should this knight of the magic lanthorn be forgotten; this Nestor junior;

this tormenting rival—Oh how I could curse! He who stands, as ready as if Satan had sent him, to feed the spreading flames with oil? He fills his place on the canvass. And who knows but I may teach him, yet, to do his office as he ought? How would it delight me! There is an intemperance of superiority which no human patience can support, nor any acts of kindness compensate. A triumph over her will indeed be a triumph over him, and therefore doubly delicious!

I grant he forbears to prate of the life he gave me. But am I not reminded of the oppressive gift every time he dares to contradict me? Would I endure his interference as I do; would I be shouldered and butted at, by him;—would I permit his opinion to be asked, or his dogmas to silence me, were I not burthened with this unasked benefit?

Infatuated lunatic as I was! But I am in the school of prudence, at present; and suppose I shall learn a little some time; though I do not know when; since, I am
told,

told, it is not easy to learn a trade one hates.

Mean while I pay my court assiduouſly to the two peers, Evelyn and Fitz Allen, who at preſent are both in town. Nothing muſt be neglected, nothing left unprepared. Vigilance, foreſight, and cunning muſt do their office, and will ſoon be in full employment: of what kind I cannot yet determine; or whether it muſt be open war or covert, or both; but my augury predicts the ſcene will ſoon be all life, all agitation, all enjoyment. Commotion is my element, battle my delight, and conqueſt my heaven!

This is my hour of appointment: ſhe is expecting me, yet my crowding thoughts will with difficulty allow me to lay down the pen: they riſe in armies, and I could write world without end, and never come to an amen. But I muſt be gone. Adieu.

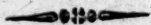
I imagine that by this time you are at Paris; or will be before the arrival of

this letter; which, according to your directions, I shall superscribe *Poste restante*.

E. CLIFTON.

LETTER

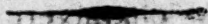
LETTER LXXII.



ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

*London, Grosvenor-Street.*

NEED I tell my affectionate friend how great the pleasure is which I receive from her letters, and from that free communication of thought which so effectually tends to awaken the best emotions of mind, and make us emulate each other's virtues? Like her I sit down, now while memory is awake, to relate such material incidents as have happened since last I wrote.

The anger of Clifton is softened into approbation. The most generous minds are liable, from the acuteness of their sensibility, to be unjust. We are once again very good friends.

Not but we have just been engaged in a very impassioned scene. The subject of family consent was revived by him; and, as I intended, I informed him that delay seemed inevitable.

The struggle of his feelings, when he heard it, appeared to be violent. His exclamations were characteristic of his habitual impetuosity; the strength of them excited sensations, and alarms, which prove the power he has over the passions. Oh how I desire to see that power well directed! How precious, how potent will it then become!

One thing, and only one, he vehemently affirmed, could appease the perturbation of his mind, and preserve him from wretchedness which none but those who felt like him could conceive——

And what, I asked, was that?—

He

He durst not speak it—Yet speak he must, plead he must. Should he fail, phrensy, despair, he knew not what, but something fearful would indubitably follow—

Again, what was it?—

Might he hope? It depended on me; and denial and distraction were the same—

He made me shudder! And, serious when I heard it though I found his demand to be, his manner inspired a confused dread of something repugnant; something eminently wrong.

He ventured at last to speak. I believe he watched his moment. The passions, Louisa, however disturbed, are always cunning. He demanded a promise; solemn and irrevocable, to be his.

Such a promise, I answered, was unnecessary; and, if at all, could only be given occasionally—

There were no conditions to which he was not ready to subscribe—

I replied, too much readiness denoted

too little reflection: and not fortitude sufficient to fulfil such conditions.

Fortitude could never fail him, having me not only for an example but a reward. Again he repeated, without my promise, my sacred promise, he really and seriously feared distraction! That this was weakness he was ready to allow: but if it were true, and true it was, should I want love, I yet had too much benevolence not to desire to avert consequences which, beyond all others, are horrible to imagination.

He has surely very considerable knowledge of the human heart; for his tone and manner produced all the effect he intended. I had foreseen the probability of such a request, though not all the urgency with which it was made, and had argued the question of right and wrong. My conclusion had been that such a promise, with certain provisos, was a duty; and accordingly I gave it; stipulating a power to retract, should experience teach us that
our

our minds and principles could not assimilate.

At first he was not satisfied. Intreaties the most importunate that language could supply were repeated, that I should make no such exceptions. They were impossibilities; needless, but tormenting. Finding however that I was resolved, he softened into acquiescence, thanked me with all the transports which might be expected from him, and kissed my hand. He would not have been so satisfied, had I not very seriously repulsed the encroaching freedoms which I had lately found him assuming; since which he is become more guarded.

What latent inconsistency is there, Louisa, in my conduct, which can incite the alarms to which I feel myself subject? The moment I had made the promise I shuddered; and, while acting from the strongest sense of duty, and the most ardent desire of doing good, I felt as if the act were reprehensible and unjust.—It is the words of Frank that are the cause: on them
my

my mind dwells, and painfully repeats them, as if in a delirium: like a ringing in the ear, the tolling of death-bells, or the burthen of some tragic ditty, which memory, in its own despite, harps upon, and mutters to itself!—" *He is certain that I act from mistaken principles!—To the end of time he shall persist in thinking me his by right!*"

There must be something amiss, something feeble in my mind, since the decision of reason cannot defend me from the awe which this surely too hasty, too positive assertion inspires! It haunts my very dreams!

Clifton left me; and, being gone, I went into the parlour. Frank was there. He had a book in his hand, and tears in his eyes. I never beheld a look more melancholy. Capable as he is of resisting the cowardice of self-complaint and gloom, still there are moments, I perceive, in which he can yield; and, fighting over others' woes, can cast a retrospective glance on self. He had been reading the *Julia* of

of Rousseau. The picture given by St. Preux of his feelings had awakened sympathy too strong to be resisted.

We fell into conversation. I wished to turn his thoughts into a more cheerful channel; but my own partook too much of the same medium, not to assimilate themselves in part to his langour.

You seem pensive, Frank. What is the subject of your meditations?

The sorrows of St. Preux, madam.

Then you are among the rocks of Meillerie? Or standing a partaker of the danger of Julia on the dreadful precipice?

No, madam: The divine Julia is dead! —[Had you heard the sigh he gave, Louisa——!] I am at a passage which I suspect to be still more sublime. I am sure it is equally heart-rending.

Ay!——Which is that?

It is Clara, at the table of Wolmar; where the child, with such simplicity, conjures up the infantine but almost perfect semblance of the dead. If ever
laughter

laughter inspired the horrors of distraction, it was the laugh of Clara !

It is a wonderful passage. But I find you were rather contemplating the sorrows of the friend than of the lover.

Pardon me, madam. I was considering, since the friend was thus on the very brink of despair, what must be the force of mind which could preserve the lover.

Friendship and love, in such minds, are the same.

Perhaps so, madam.

Can there be any doubt ?

When the lover and the friend are united, the heart is reluctant to own its feelings can be equalled.

Ought you not to avoid such a book, Frank ; at least for the present ?

If it led me into error ; otherwise not. — I think I know what were the author's mistakes ; and he not only teaches but impresses, rivets, volumes of truth in my mind.

The recollection of what had just passed with Clifton forced itself upon me, Louisa ;
it

it made me desirous of putting a question to Frank on the subject, and I asked—

What is your opinion of promises?

I think them superfluous, nugatory, and therefore absurd.

Without exception?

Yes—We cannot promise to do wrong: or, if we do, cannot perform—Neither can we, without guilt, refrain from doing right; whether we have or have not promised.

Some glimpse of this truth, for I perceive it to be one, had shot across my mind; but not with the perspicuity of your proposition—I am inclined to be a rude interrogator: I have another question to ask [He bowed]—I own you are seldom wrong, and yet I hope—[I remember, Louisa, that I gave a deep sigh here; and it must not be concealed]—I hope that you have been wrong, once in your life.

Madam!

But perhaps you have changed your opinion—Do you still think as you did?—Are you still certain that *I act from mistaken*
ken

ken principles? [He instantly understood me—Had you seen his look, Louisa—!]

I am, madam.

And shall persist to the end of time?

To the end of time.

I could not bear it, Louisa. I burst away.

What rash impulse was it that hurried me forward to tempt this trial?—Alas? It was the vain hope, for vain it appears to be, he might have retracted.

My heart is too full to proceed—Heaven bless you!—Heaven bless you, my dear friend!—You see how weak I am.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

London, Grosvenor Street.

OLIVER, I must fly ! There is neither peace nor safety for me if I remain—Resolution begins to faint under these repeated and oppressive struggles—Life is useless, virtue inefficient, time murdered, and I must fly !—Here I can do nothing but doubt, hope, despair, and linger in uncertainty : my body listless, my mind incoherent,

incoherent, my days wasted in vain reveries on absurd possibilities, and my nights haunted by the confused phantoms of a disturbed and sickly brain!—I must fly!

But whither?—I know not!—If I mean to be truly master of my affections, seas must separate us! Impossibility must be made more impossible!—'Tis that, Oliver, which kills me, that ignis fatuus of false hope—Were she even married, if her husband were not immortal, I feel as if my heart would still dwell and feed on the meagre May-be! It refuses to renounce her, and makes a thousand and a thousand efforts to oblige me again to urge its just claims.

I am in the labyrinth of contradictions, and know not how to get out. My own feelings, my remarks on hers, the looks, actions and discourse of this dangerous lover are all embroiled, all incongruous, all illusory. I seem to tempt her to evil by my stay, him I offend, and myself I torment—I must therefore begone!

Oliver,

Oliver, our hearts are united!—Truth and principle have made them one, and prejudice and pride have not the power to dissever them!—She herself feels this intimately, yet persists in her mistake.

I think, Oliver, it is not what the world or what she understands by love which occasions this anarchy of mind. I think I could command and reprove my passions into silence. Either I mistake myself, or even now, situated as I am, I could rejoice were there a certainty, nay were there but strong probabilities, that her favourite purpose on Clifton should be effected. But the more I meditate, and my hours, days, and weeks pass away and are lost in meditation on this subject, the more does my mind persist in its doubts, and my heart in its claims.

Surely, Oliver, she is under a double mistake! Surely her reasonings both on him and me are erroneous.

I must be honest, Oliver, and tell thee all my feelings, fears, and suspicions.—They may be false. I hope they are, but they

they exist. I imagine I perceive in him repeated and violent struggles to appear what he is not, nay what I doubt he would despise himself for being!

Is not this an unjustifiable, a cruel accusation? Why have I this keen, this jealous sensibility? Is it not dishonourable to my understanding?

Yet should there be real danger, and I blind to it! Should I neglect to warn her, or rather to guard and preserve her from harm, where shall I find consolation?

Oliver! There are times when these fears haunt me so powerfully that my heart recoils, my blood freezes, and my whole frame is shaken with the terrific dream!—A dream?—Yes, it must be a dream! If not, the perversion of his mind and the obduracy of his heart are to me wholly incomprehensible!

I must be more guarded!—Wrongfully to doubt were irreparably to injure! My first care must be to be just.

Mark,

Mark, Oliver, how these wanderings of the mind mislead and torment me! One minute I must fly, to recover myself, and not to disturb and way-lay others; the next I must stay, to protect her who perhaps is best able to protect herself!

I have no plan: I labour to form one in vain. That single channel into which my thoughts are incessantly impelled is destructive of all order and connexion. The efforts of the understanding are assassinated by the emotions of the heart; till the reproaches of principle become intolerable, and the delusions of hope distracting!—A state of such painful inutility is both criminal and absurd.

The kindness of the father, brother, and aunt, the sympathising tenderness which bursts from and overcomes the benign Anna, the delay of the marriage—Oliver!—I was recapitulating the seeming inspirations of my good angel, and have conjured up my chief tormentor!—This delay!—Where does it originate?—With whom?—With—! I must fly!—This of
all

all motives is the most irrefragable !—I must fly !—But when, or how, or where, what I must undertake, whither go, or what become, is yet all vague and incoherent conjecture.

F. HENLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES
TO
ABIMELECH HENLEY.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

MR. HENLEY,

IT is now some time since I received your letter. It astonished and I must say offended me so much, that I do not yet know what answer to return. You say I have thrown you into a quandary, Mr. Henley; and I can very sincerely return your compliment, Mr. Henley; for nothing can be more unintelligible than your whole letter is to me, Mr. Henley. And I must
VOL. III. 1 say,

say, I think it not very grateful in you, Mr. Henley, nor in my opinion very proper, to write me such a letter, Mr. Henley; that is as far as I understand its meaning, Mr. Henley. I have no desire, Mr. Henley, to quarrel with you, if I can help it; but I must say I think you have forgotten yourself, Mr. Henley. It is very unlike the manner in which you have been used to comport yourself to me, Mr. Henley; for, if I understand you rightly, which I own it is very difficult to do, you threaten me with foreclosures, Mr. Henley; which I must say, Mr. Henley, is very improper demeanour from you to me, Mr. Henley. Not that I seek a rupture with you, Mr. Henley; though I must say that all this lies very heavy upon my mind, Mr. Henley.

You insinuate that you are grown rich, I think Mr. Henley. So much the better for you. And you seem to know, Mr. Henley, that I am grown poor: or I think, Mr. Henley, you would not have written to me in a stile which I could almost be

tempted to call impertinent, but that I wish to avoid a quarrel with you, Mr. Henley, unless you force me to it. There is a law as you say, Mr. Henley, for every man; but law is a very fretful and indeed fearful thing, to which you know I am averse, Mr. Henley. Not but there are proceedings, Mr. Henley, which may lead me to consider how far it is necessary.

I must say, Mr. Henley, that my astonishment is very great, after writing me word, as you did, that I might have the money, which I took very kindly of you, that you should now contradict yourself so flagrantly [I am obliged to repeat it, Mr. Henley] and tell me it is not to be had. What you mean by the whats, and the whys, and the wherefores being forthcoming, is really above my capacity, Mr. Henley; and I request you would speak plainly, that I may give a plain answer.

You say you can keep your hat on your head, and look your betters in the face, Mr. Henley. May be so. But I leave it to your better judgment to consider, Mr.

Henley, whether you ought to forget that they are your betters.

There are indeed, as you tell me, wheels within wheels, Mr. Henley; for I find that you, and not my son, are in possession of the Edgemoor estate. God bless us all, and give us clean hands and hearts, Mr. Henley ! I say no more ! Though I must say that, when I heard it, my hair almost stood an end !

You talk a great deal about somebody's son, Mr. Henley. You have puzzled me much ; but I think you must mean your own son. Though what you mean beside is more than I can divine. I am very unwilling, Mr. Henley, to think any thing to your disadvantage ; and I must say that I could wish you would not speak by ifs, and ands, and innuendoes ; but let me know at once what you mean, and all you mean, and then I shall know how to act.

Your son, I own, is a very excellent young gentleman ; a very extraordinary young gentleman ; and no person can be more ready to acknowledge his merits
than

than I, and my whole family. You seem offended with my offer of a commission for him ; which I own astonishes me ; for I must say, Mr. Henley, that I thought I was doing you an act of kindness. Not that I blame your prudence, sir ; or your aversion to the prodigal spendthrifts, who too frequently are fond of red coats and cockades, which are so offensive to your notions of prosperity.

I am not unwilling to own that I, and all my family, are even under obligations to your son. For which reason I am the more inclined to overlook what I must say does not please me, in your last very unexpected letter. Let me tell you, Mr. Henley, that I cannot but hope you will think better of it ; and that you will use your kind endeavours to get me the money, according to your promise, which I shall take very friendly of you, sir ; and shall be willing to do any thing for your son, in that case, for your sake as well as for his own, which reason can require.

I beg, Mr. Henley, you will consider
I 3 very

very seriously of this ; and I should hope you would not forget former times, and the very many favours which, in my life, I have done you. I do assure you, sir, I have the utmost desire to continue on a good understanding with you ; but I think I have some right to expect your compliance from motives of reason, not to say of gratitude. So, committing this to your consideration, and expecting an agreeable answer, I remain, sir, as usual,

A. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

ABIMELECH HENLEY

TO

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES.

MOST ONNURABLE SIR,

Wenbourne-Hill.

IT doth appear as how your onnur be amiff. Whereby I did a partly a queery as much; thof so be as it be no fault of mine. For why? There be reasons and causes. For when as a man has a nothink to fear of nobody, I am of a mind that a may pen his thofts to any man. Why not? Always a favin and exceptin your onnur-able onnur.

And aft for a man's a portin himself, there be times and seasons for all thinks. Whereof as Friar Bacon said to Friar Bungy and of the Brazen-head, A time was—A time is—And a time is past. And aft for a threatening about foreclosures, why what have I to say to a gentleman, if a will not redeem his mortgages when the time be? The law must look to it, to be sure. Always a favin and exceptin your onnurable onnur, still say I. So that it be altogether compus mentus that quarrels and rupturs are none of my seekin. Whereby your onnurable onnur will look to that. No man can deny that every man has a rite to his own. For why? A pays scot and lot, and has a nothink for it but law.

And aft for a man's a growin of rich, why as I do take it a's a not the worse for that. And aft for a man's a growin of poor, why a what had I to do, thof so be that some be wise and some be otherwise? Whereof so long as the rhino do ring, the man is the man, and the master's the master. A's a buzzard in grain that do flicker,

ker, and fleer, and tell a gentleman a be no better than a bob gudgeon, a cause a do fend the yellow hammers a flying; for thof it might a be happen to be true enough, a would get small thanks for his pains. Every man eat his meat, and he that do like cut his fingers. The foolish hen cackles, and the cunning quean chuckles. For why? A has her chalk and her nest egg ready. Whereof I tout and trump about at no man, an a do not tout and trump about at me. Always a favin and exceptin your onnurable onnur; and not a seekin of quarrels and rupturs, an they do not seek me. Otherwise, why so. Plain and positive; that's best, when a man do find the shoe to pinch.

And ast for law, why he that has a got the longest head will have a most on't for money: and he that has a got the longest purse will behappen not to be the first to cry peccavi. Whereof if a man do don his hat on his head, an a see good cause, why not? For I do a warrant a will see good cause, an a do doff it under his arm.

Whereby every why has a wherefore. Any fool can put down his five nothings ; but a's a clever kinchin an a can place a so much as a r afore 'em. Whereof the first frost that brings a white crow may, in fitch a case, behappen to shew him his betters. For why? A's a got where-withall to get more : and a knows the trick on't too, or a would a never a got so much. Whereby an it comes to a huff an a gruff, a may not chuse to be arm a kimbo'd, any more nur another ; for a may behappen to have a Rowland for an Oliver. A may behappen to be no Jack-a-farthin weazle-faced whipster. A may have stock and block to go to work upon ; and may give a rum for a glum : always a favin and exceptin your onnurable onnur. Showin whereby as I want no quarrels nur rupturs, but peace and good will towards men, if so be as the whys and the wherefores do a bear me out.

Whereof thof a man be but a Mister, a may behappen to buy and sell a knight of the shire : that is under favour, and a favin,
and

and exceptin of your onnurable onnur. For why? I be as ready to a quit my hands of quarrels and rupturs as another.

Whereby if the Edgemoor estate be mine, why it is my own. For why? Bein it was my case that a covered it. Whereof his younk onnur was all a mort, and a down in the mouth, when a did come to me. The world was wide, and a might a gone further and a fared worse. A's a dolt indeed that will part with money, and not have money's worth. Whereby I had a bin starvin, and pinchin, and scrapin, and coilin, and moilin; in heat and in cold; up a early and down a late; a called here and a sent there; a bidden and a chidden, and a forbidden to boot; every body's slave, forsooth; whereby I am now my own master. Why not? Who can gain say it? Mayhap a favin and exceptin of your onnurable onnur; witch is as it may be. For why? I wants a nothink to do with quarrels and rupturs, no more nur another; but that's as thinks shall turn out.

Whereby one man's hair mayhap may stand an end as well as another's, exceptin that I wears a wig. An I give the kole, I'll have the dole. And aft for somebody's son, if so be as a man be to be twitted a thifn, after all the gunpow'ber pistols and bullets, and scowerins, and firins, and bleedins, and swimmins, and sinkins, and risks, and rubs, and sea scapes, and shore scapes, at home and ābroad, by land and by water, and savins of precious lives and precious cash, why if so be as all this be to stand for nothink, it is a time for a man to look about'n.

To be sure your onnur is so good as to say my son is a younk gentleman, and so forth. Whereby this gracious and ever mercyfool lovin kindness would go to the cockles of my heart; ay, and my chitterlins would crow, and I should sing O be joyfool, if so be as I did find as words wus any thing but wind. Whereof when your onnurable onnur is compulsionated, willy nilly, to be so all bountifool as to profess to the ownin of obligations, why that is summut.

fummut. But fair speeches wonnot heal broken pates; and a mouthfool of moonshine will fend a man hungry to bed. Promise may be a fair dog, but Performance will catch the hare.

Whereby had thinks a bin as they might a bin, why then indeed it would a bin fummut. But as to the wherewithalls of the twenty thousand pounds, being as it be, why the think is unpossable to be done. For why? The case is altered. Whereof it is best to be downright. Will is free, and money for me.

Whereby this marriage match with the Clifton family, had my oar bin asked, would never a bin of my advizin. For why? I shall not give my lard to butter my neighbour's bacon.

And ast for favours received, why may be so. But what then? Since if so be thof it wus sometimes fair, why it wus sometimes foul. And a good man may behappen to be all as much as a good master. And if a man have a spent his whole lifetime in a pickin, and a cullin,
and

and a coinin, and a furbishin up fine words, to tickle the ears of fine folks, why a ought in all conscience to get the wherewithalls for his pains. For if an a gentleman will eat pine apples a must not expect to pay for pippins. Always as aforesaid a favin and exceptin your onnurable onnur. So that if quarrels and rupturs will come, they may not a be said to be of my seekin.

Bein as I am, ever and amen, with all pious jakillations and jubilees of bleffins and praise, never failin to pray for due time to repent us of all our manifold sins and wickedness, God of his mercy be good unto us, and save us, and deliver us, on our death bed, from the everlastin flamin sulphur of the burnin lake. Amen, an it be his holy will ! Umbelly beggin leave to superscribe meself,

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

I HAVE had a scene with Frank, which affected me much, and which has occasioned another quarrel, or kind of quarrel, with Clifton. Sir Arthur had just left the room. He had been asking Frank whether there were any possible way by which he could serve him. We all were his debtors; very deeply; and he should be
happy

happy to find any mode of discharging the obligation. Sir Arthur spoke with an earnestness which, in him, is by no means customary. But Frank had nothing to ask, nothing to propose.

I was sitting at my harpsichord, amusing myself; and, Sir Arthur being gone, stopped to tell Frank how sincerely I joined in Sir Arthur's feelings.

I have nothing, madam, said he, to hope from Sir Arthur: but to you I have a request to make, which you would greatly oblige me should you grant.

I trembled, Louisa. I was afraid of some new contest of the passions; a revival of ideas which I myself had so lately, and so inadvertently, called to mind. I am persuaded the blood forsook my cheeks, when I asked him what it was: for Frank, with a tenderness in his voice that was indeed honourable to his heart, prayed, conjured me not to be alarmed—It was a trifle—He would be silent—He would not give me a moment's pain to gratify a million of such silly wishes.

He

He both moved and revived me. It could not be any thing very dreadful, and I entreated him to speak. There was nothing he could ask I would refuse.

He hesitated, and I then became urgent. At last he named——His song!—Again, Louisa, he almost struck me to the heart!—He feared he offended me; but there was something so enchanting in the air that he could not forget it, could not resist the wish to possess a copy.

It was impossible to refuse. I went to my papers, and brought it. The evil spirit of thoughtlessness possessed me, and when I delivered it, I asked—Is there any thing else?—

Your kindness, madam, said he, is unalterable. Could I?—Durst I?—

What?—

He paused—

Speak!—

He laid the song upon the music-desk, and looked——No, no—I will not attempt to tell you how!

Words

Words were needless ; they could not petition with such eloquence—A barbarian could not have refused. I rambled over the keys, hemmed, and endeavoured to collect myself. At last a sense of propriety, of reason, of principle, came to my aid, and bade me be master of my mind. I began to sing, but no effort could enable me to give that expression of which I had before found the words so susceptible.

Could you think it, Louisa? Do you now foresee, do you forebode what happened?—Your brother came in!—

To have stopped, to have used evasion, to have had recourse to falsehood, would have turned an act of virtue into contemptible vice. I continued. Clifton came and looked over my shoulder. The music was on one sheet of paper, the words were on another, in the writing of Frank. Your brother knew the hand.

When I had ended, Frank took both the papers, thanked me, and retired. I could perceive the eyes of Clifton sparkle with emotion ; I might almost say rage.

He

He would have spoken, but could not; and I knew not how safely to begin.

At length, a consciousness of not having done or at least intended to do wrong gave me courage. I determined not to wait to be questioned: I asked him how he liked the song.

Oh! Exceedingly!—It was very fine!—very fine!

The words are Mr. Henley's.

I imagined as much, madam.

I thought them expressive, and amused myself with putting a tune to them.

I am as good as a witch!

How did you like the subject?

What subject, madam?

Of the words.

I really don't know—I have forgotten—

Nay, you said you thought them very fine!

Oh! Yes!—True!—Very fine!—All about love—I recollect.

Well, and having so much faith in love, you do not think them the worse for that.

Oh,

Oh, by no means !—But I thought you had.

Love in a song may be pardonable.

Especially, madam, if the song be written by Mr. Henley.

Clifton !—You almost teach me to despair !—You do not know me !—Perhaps, however, I am more to blame than you at present. Timidity has given me some appearance of conscious guilt, which my heart disavows. But, as there is scarcely any error more dangerous to felicity than suspicion, I own I am sorry to see you so frequently its slave. Never think of that woman for a wife, in whom you cannot confide. And ask yourself whether I ought to marry a man, who cannot discover that I merit his confidence ?

I find, indeed, implicit faith to be as necessary in love as in religion—But you know your power, madam.

An indifferent spectator would rather say you know yours.

You will not go, madam, and leave me thus ?

I must.

I must.

In this misery?

I have letters to write, and visits to pay.

You cannot be so cruel?—By heaven, madam, this torment is more than nature can support!

Less impetuosity, Clifton; less raptures, and more reason.

You would have me rock, madam! Unfeeling marble!

I would have you a man; a rational, and, if possible, a wise one.

Stay at least for a moment!—Hear me! Do not leave me in these doubts!

What doubts?—Do I not tell you the words are Mr. Henley's? The air is mine. If setting them were any guilt, it is a guilt of which I am not conscious. Shew me that it is criminal, and I will instantly retract. We must either overcome these narrow, these selfish propensities, or we shall hope in vain to be happy.

I—I—I—make no accusation—

Do

Do but examine before you accuse, and I will patiently hear and cheerfully answer to accusation. If you think it wrong in me not to treat virtue and genius with neglect, bring me your proofs, and if I cannot demonstrate their fallacy I will own my error. Let me add, the accusation of reason is a duty ; from which, though painful, we ought not to shrink. It is the mistaken accusation of the passions only at which justice bids the heart revolt.

Here, Louisa, once again I left him, with struggles apparently more acute than the former. And my own mind is so affected, so oppressed as it were by crowds of ideas, that I do not yet know whether this were an accident to be wished, or even whether I have entirely acted as I ought. My mind will grow calmer, and I will then begin the scrutiny.

I am minute in relating these particulars, because I am very desirous of doing right. And who is so capable of being my judge, or who so anxious I should not err,

err, as my dear Louisa, my friend, my
sister?

All good be with you!

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.



COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

*London, Dover Street.*

OH, Fairfax, if my choler rose when last I wrote, where shall I now find words hot enough to paint the phrensy of my soul?—How could I rage and rave!—Is it come to this?—So barefaced!—So fearless!—so unblushingly braved!—

Fairfax, I came upon them!—By surprise!—My alert and watchful spirit, an adept

adept in such arts, accustomed to them, and rendered suspicious by practice and experience, foreboded some such possibility—My knock at the door was counterfeited. I strode up stairs to the drawing-room, three steps at a time—Swiftly and suddenly—I opened the door—There they sat!—Alone!—She singing a miserable ditty, a bead-roll of lamentable rhymes, strung together by this Quidam!—This Henley!—Nay!—Oh!—Damnation!—Read and tremble!—Read and aid me to curse!—Set by her!—Ay!—A ballad—A love complaint—A most doleful woe-begone elegy; of sorrows, sufferings, fate, despair, and death; scribbled by him, and set and sung by her!—By her!—For his comfort, his solace, his pleasure, his diversion!—I caught them at it!—Nay they defied me, despised the wrath that drank up the moisture of my eyes, blazed in my blood, and scorched my very soul!—

And after this will I blench? Will I recant the denunciations which legitimate vengeance has pronounced?—

Fairfax—I am not certain that I do not hate her!—No!—Angelic forcerefs!—It is not hatred, neither—But it is a tumult, a congregate anarchy of feelings which I cannot unravel; except that the first feature of them is revenge!—Roused and insulted as I am, not all her blandishments can dazzle, divert, or melt me! Were mountains to be moved, dragons to be slain, or lakes of liquid fire to be traversed, I would encounter all to attain my end!—Yes—My romance shall equal hers. No epic hero, not Orpheus, Æneas, or Milton's Lucifer himself, was ever more determined. I could plunge into Erebus, and give battle to the legion phantoms of hell, to accomplish my fixed purpose!—Fixed!—Fixed!——Hoot me, hiss at me, despise me if I turn recreant! No—Then may all who ever heard the name of Coke Clifton make it their by-word and their scoff: and every idiot curl the nose and snuff me to scorn!

Recollect

Recollect but the various affronts I have received, Fairfax, from her and [Oh patience!] Her innamorato! For is he not so?—Wrongs, some of which irritate most because they could not be resented; insults, some petty, ~~some~~ gigantic, which ages could not obliterate; call these to mind, and then think whether my resolves be not rock-built! Insolent intrusion has been his part from the first moment to the last. The prince of upstarts, man could not abash him, nor naked steel affright! On my first visit, entrance was denied by him! Permission was asked of a gardener's son, and the gardener's son sturdily refused! I argued! I threatened!—I!—And arguments and threats were so much hot breath, but harmless! Attempts to silence or send him back to his native barn alike were baffled; and I, who planned this removal, was constrained to petition for his stay. Yes, constrained!—It was do it, or!—Oh!—Be faithful to me, memory!—He was elected president of opinions and
K 2 disputes,

disputes, past, present, and to come. Appeals must all be made to him, and his sentence was definitive. Law or gospel, physics or metaphysics ; himself alone superior to college, court, or convocation. Before him sunk scholiast and schools. In his presence the doctors all must stand uncapped : The seraphic, the subtle, and the singular ; the illuminated, the angelic, and the irrefragable to him, were tyros all. Our censor in private, and in public our familiar : like a malignant demon, no respect, no place, no human barriers could exclude him. On no side could the offended eye turn, and not find him there. Disgraced by his company, counteracted by his arrogance, insulted by his sarcasms ; obliged to accept the first of favours, life, at his hands ; his apparent inferior in the moment of danger ; my ministry rejected for his, nay contemned, in a case where the gentleman, the man of the world, and the man of honour merited undoubted preference ; and, as the climax
of

of injury, wronged in my love!—Rivalled!
—Furies!—

And she!—Has she been less contumacious, less annoying, less tormenting?—His advocate, his abettor, his adulator, with me only she was scrupulous and severe. I generously and almost instantly forgot all former resolves, and would have thrown myself into her arms—Unconditionally—I, who had been accustomed to give the law, not to receive. I assumed not the dictator. I, whose family, courage, person, and parts have made me a favourite with the brave and fair, though flushed with success, far from claiming superiority, I came to cast myself, my freedom, and my trophies at her feet—Came, and was rejected! Bargained with at least; put off with ifs and possibilities!

I must stop—Must think no more—Or the hurrying blood will burst my veins, or suffocate my swelling heart, and impede just retribution for these and all my other thousand wrongs, which can only be avenged by calm and subtle foresight—

Yet think not the smallest of them is forgotten—Oh no!—

Well then, calm will I be ; for I can be, will be any thing rather than not attain this supreme of pleasures, divine vengeance ! Yes, anger must be bridled : it has now a second time made me tread backward more than all the steps I had taken in-advance. My brain is labouring for some certain and uniform plan, but is at present so disturbed that thought can preserve no settled train.

Previous to this second childish overflow of passion [for if I would succeed childish it is] I had played a master stroke, in which indeed I must own passion was for once my best ally. With most ardent importunity, I with great difficulty wrested a promise from her to be mine. These romancers, Fairfax, hold love promises to be binding and sacred. And this obtained I thought a fair foundation for my fabric.

The current of my thoughts is now wholly turned to this subject. A thousand

land manœuvres crowding present themselves ; nor can I say how many must be employed. I have generally found my brain rich in expedients, and I think it will not fail me now. I recollect having mentioned the maid, Laura : She is secured and has been for some time past.—The fondness of the fool with one less expert would be dangerous : but I have taught her to rail at me occasionally to her mistress, and to praise the favourite, who has never lately been any great favorite with her, having as I guess overlooked her when she had kinder inclinations. She was tickled with the contrivance, which promised to secure her so well from the suspicion of her mistress, and she acts her part tolerably. In fact her mistress seems a being without suspicion, superior to it, and holding it in contempt—So much the better !

This fellow, this king of the cucumber-beds must be removed. I know not yet the means, but they must be found.—Present he is dangerous ; absent he may

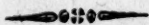
perhaps be taught to act his part with safety and effect. My ideas are not yet methodised, but I have a confused foresight of various modes by which this and much more may and must be accomplished.

But no common efforts can be successful—Deep—Deep must be the plot by which she is to be over-reached, the pit into which she must fall: and deep it therefore shall be. There is no art I will not practise, no restraint to which I will not submit, no desperate expedient to which I will not have recourse to gratify my soul's longing—I will be revenged! —The irrevocable decree is gone forth! —I will be revenged!—Fairfax, you soon shall hear of me and my proceedings.—Farewell.

C. CLIFTON,

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.



ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

*London, Grosvenor-Street.*

THIS letter, dear friend of my heart, is begun in a very melancholy mood. How easy it is to undertake; how difficult to overcome! With what facility did I say to myself—Thus will I do, and thus—How firmly did I promise! Truth appeared so beautiful, so captivating, so omnipotent, that armed by her an infant could

not but conquer. Perseverance alone was requisite, and I could persevere. The solid basis of the earth should almost shake ere I would waver !—Poor, vain creature !—Surely, Louisa, we are not all so—Heaven forbid !—

Why am I thus? Why does my heart faint within me? Indeed, Louisa, I begin to fear I have vaunted of powers I do not possess; and prescribed to myself duties too dignified, too mighty for me—And must I abandon an enterprise I deemed so noble?—I have meditated on it, Louisa, till I could weep—

I will not yet despair. At least one effort more, and a strong one, I will make—Alas! I am weary of this promising. My braggart strength is impotency, or little better. But I will do my best; and truth, sincerity, and good intent must be my trust.

My present determination is to relate to your brother all that has passed between me and Frank. I will once more state my feelings, my principles, and my plan. The
purity

purity of my heart must be my shield. To contend thus is painful ; yet most willingly would I contend, were it productive of the good at which I aim. But instead of gaining ground I seem to lose. Oh that I were more wise, that I better knew the human heart, and that I well could wield the too gigantic weapons of truth ! But I fear they are above my force, and pity my own imbecility.

The hour of appointment is come. Clifton will soon be here. I have been preparing my mind, taxing my memory, and arranging my thoughts. Oh that this effort may be more successful than the past ! Did he but know all the good I wish him, his heart would surely not feel anger—— He shall not die, said Frank !—Can I forget it ?——How did my soul glow within me, when, hopeless but the moment before, I beheld nature again struggling for existence, and returning life once more stir in the convulsive lip ! How did my ears tingle with—"He shall not die !"—I saw a noble quality exerted, and thought it

was but to wish and to have, to imitate and to succeed—The brother of my Louisa!—A mind too that might outsoar the eagle, and gaze on the sun of truth!

There must be some cause for my failure, if I fail—With true simplicity of heart I can say, most earnestly do I wish to do right: most ardently would I endeavour to prove myself a friend worthy of Louisa Clifton, and of Frank Henley!—Perhaps the latter is the cause?—If I have done him wrong, Heaven forgive me! For I think, were I convicted of it, I could not forgive myself!

The servant has told me Clifton is below. I must take a few minutes to breathe—I must collect myself. Oh for the tongues of mediating angels!

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

London, Grosvenor-Street.

WHEN last my Louisa heard from me, my mind was depressed. I almost despaired of the great task I had undertaken. I had likewise an immediate duty, a disburthening of my soul, a kind of confession of facts to make, from which education has falsely accustomed us to shrink with pain, and my spirits were overcloud-
ed.

ed. This rigorous duty is performed; hope again begins to brighten, and my eased heart now feels more light and cheerful.

Not but it still is tremulous with the sensations by which it has just been thrilled. I seem to have risen from one of the most interesting and I believe I may add awful scenes, in which I have ever been engaged. The recesses of the soul have been searched; that no retrospective accusation of want of absolute and perfect candour might, as of late it too often has done, rise to assault me.

I found Clifton in the parlour. His look was more composed, more complacent, and remarkably more thoughtful than it had lately been. I began with stating that the feelings of my heart required every act, every thought of mine, that had any relation whatever to him, should be fully and explicitly known. I conjured him to have the goodness to determine not to interrupt me; that I might perform this office, clear my conscience, and shew my heart unveiled, undisguised, exactly as it was;

was ; and that he might at once reject it, if it were either unworthy his acceptance or incompatible with his principles.

He promised compliance and kept his word. I never knew him a listener so long, or with such mute patience. I had as I may say studied the discourse which I made to him, and which I thus began.

It will not be my intention, Mr. Clifton, in what I am going to say, to appear better or worse than I am. Should I be partial to myself, I wish you to detect me. There is nothing I so much desire as a knowledge of my own failings. This knowledge, were it truly attained, would make the worst of us angels. Our prejudices, our passions, and our ignorance alone deceive us, and persuade us that wrong is right.

I have before acquainted you of the project of Mrs. Clifton and Sir Arthur, for our union. I have told you of the unfeigned friendship, the high admiration, and the unbounded love I have for your sister : or in other words for her virtues. A short acquaintance

acquaintance shewed me that your mind had all the capacity to which the most ardent of my hopes aspired. It had indeed propensities, passions, and habits, which I thought errors; but not incurable.—The meanest of us have our duties to fulfil, which are in proportion to our opportunities, and our power. I imagined that a duty of a high but possible nature presented itself, and called upon me for performance.

You no doubt will smile at my vanity, but I must be sincere. By instruction, by conversation, and by other accidents, it appeared to me that I had been taught some high and beneficial truths and principles; which you, by contrary instruction, conversation; and accidents, had not attained. Convinced that truth is irresistible, I trusted in the power of these truths rather than of myself, and said here is a mind to which I am under every moral obligation to impart them, because I perceive it equal to their reception. The project therefore of our friends was combined

bined with these circumstances, which induced me willingly to join their plan; and to call my friend sister was an additional and delightful motive. It appeared like strengthening those bonds between us which I believe no human force can break.

An obstacle or rather the appearance of an obstacle somewhat unexpectedly arose. From my childhood I had been in part a witness of the rising virtues of young Mr. Henley. Difference of sex, of situation, and of pursuits, prevented us till lately from being intimate. I had been accustomed to hear him praised, but knew not all the eminence with which it was deserved. He was my supposed inferior, and it is not very long since I myself entertained some part of that prejudice. I know myself now not to be his equal.

A recollection of combining circumstances convinced me that he had for some time, and before I suspected it, thought on me with partiality. He believes

lieves there is great affinity in our minds ; he avows it, and with a manly courage becoming his character, which abhors dissimulation, has since confessed an affection for me ; nay has affirmed that unless I have conceived some repugnance to him, which I have not nor ever can conceive, I ought as a strict act of justice to myself and him to prefer him before any other.

I should acknowledge the cogency of the reasons he assigns, and certainly entertain such a preference, did it not appear to me that there are opposing and irreconcilable claims and duties. It is my principle, and perhaps still more strongly his, that neither of us must live for ourselves, but for society. In the abstract our principle is the same ; but in the application we appear to differ. He thinks that the marriage of two such people can benefit society at large. I am persuaded that the little influence which it would have in the world would be injurious, and in some sort fatal to the small circle for which I
seem

seem to exist, and over which my feeble influence can extend.

For these reasons only, and in compliance with what I believe to be the rigorous but inflexible injunctions of justice, have I rejected a man whom I certainly do not merit; a man whose benevolent heart, capacious mind, and extraordinary virtues are above my praise, and I almost fear beyond my attainment.

My memory will not furnish me with every word and incident that have passed between us; and if it would, such repetition would be tedious. But I wish you clearly to understand that Mr. Henley has made these declarations to me; that my mode of acting and my reasons have been such as I have mentioned; that I am not myself so perfectly satisfied with these reasons, but that I sometimes am subject to recurring doubts; and that I do at present, and while I have thought or sense, shall continue to admire his genius and his virtue.

If

If what he has said or what I have done be offensive to you, if you cannot think highly of him and innocently of me, if my thoughts concerning him can possibly be stained with a criminal tinge in your eyes, it becomes you, and I now most solemnly call upon you, as a man disdaining deceit, at once to say so, and here to break off all further intercourse. Esteem, nay revere him I do and ever must; and instead of being guilty for this, my principles tell me the crime would be to esteem and revere him less.

I trust in the frankness of my heart for the proof of its sincerity. My determination is to have a clear and unspotted conscience. Purity of mind is a blessing beyond all price; and it is that purity only which is genuine or of any value. The circumstance I am going to relate may to you appear strange, and highly reprehensible—Be it so—It must be told.

We never had but one conversation in which the subject of marriage, as it related to him and me, was directly and fairly debated.

debated. He then behaved as he has done always with that sincerity, consistency and fortitude, by which he is so peculiarly characterised. A conversation so interesting, in which a man of such uncommon merit was to be rejected by a woman who cannot deny him to be her superior, could not but awaken all the affections of the heart. I own that mine ached in the discharge of its duties, and nothing but the most rooted determination to abide by those duties could have steeled it to refusal—It was a cruel fortitude!

But while it ached it overflowed; and to you more especially than to any other person upon earth, I think it necessary to say that, at a moment when the feeling of compassion and the dread of being unjust were excited most powerfully in my bosom, paradoxical as it may seem, my zeal to demonstrate the integrity and innocence of my mind induced me to—kiss him!

I scarcely can proceed—There are sensations almost too strong to be subdued—The mind with difficulty can endure that mistake,
that

that contortion, which can wrest guilt out of the most sublime of its emanations— However, if it were a crime, of that crime I am guilty—I pretend not to appear other than I am; and what I am it is necessary at this moment that you should know.

This conversation and this incident happened on the day on which you met him in the corridor, coming from my chamber. A day, Mr. Clifton, worthy of your remembrance and of your emulation; for it afforded some of the strongest proofs of inflexible courage of which man is at present capable. He had been robbed of the hope dearest to his heart, had been rejected by the woman he had chosen to be the friend and companion of his life, had been enjoined the task of doing all possible good to his rival, which he had unconditionally promised, and he left her to——receive a blow from this rival's hand!

Far be it from me, Mr. Clifton, to wish to give you pain, or insult your feelings!— Oh no!—I retrace the picture only because I think it one of the most instructive lessons,
for

for private life, the stores of memory can supply.

I must farther inform you that but a few days ago I questioned him, whether he had not changed his opinion concerning me ; hoping that after mature reflection he might have thought, as I do, that to refuse him was a duty. But he persists in believing it to be an error. He does not however obtrude his thoughts upon me : on the subject of love an anchorite could not be more silent, or a brother more delicate. That one conversation excepted, he has made no further attempts. A few words were indirectly said, when, as I have just told you, I questioned him ; but they were excited by me.

With respect to the song, at which you have last taken offence, its brief history is that it was written, or at least first seen by me, soon after our arrival in France.— I found it on my music-desk ; and I dare affirm it had been left there by mistake, not design. I supposed it to be his from
the

the hand-writing ; and I set it because it affected me.

The day on which you found me signing it to him was the first on which it was ever mentioned by him to me ; and then, after he had been pressed by Sir Arthur to know how he could serve him, a copy of it was begged from me as the only favour the family could bestow !——He has done us many favours ! Favours which we shall never have an opportunity to repay !——Though my hands are impotent, ere my thoughts can be restrained from being just to his worth I must be convinced there is guilt in those thoughts.

How to address myself now personally to you, Mr. Clifton, I scarcely know.—The world perhaps would call my views extravagant, my pretensions impertinent, and my plan absurd.—The world must do its will—In the progress toward truth, I have presumed to think you several steps behind me. I have proposed to myself in some sort to be your instructress. I have
repeated

repeated my plan to the person whom you perhaps may consider as your rival; I have required his aid, and have avowed that I think him very considerably your superior. Each and all of these may be and I suppose are offensive; but the proceedings of rectitude never can be dark, hidden, and insidious. When I have said all that I think of you I should hope you will be more inclined to believe me equitable.

There are many leading principles in which we differ; and concerning which, till we agree, to proceed to marriage would be culpable. These you were at first eager to examine; but finding the side you took not so clear and well established as you had imagined, displeased by contradiction, and, in the spirit of that gallantry which you profess to admire, being willing to appear complaisant to the female to whom you pay your addresses, you have lately declined discussion. You think no doubt that the lover ought to yield, and the husband to command; both of which I deny. Husband, wife, or
VOL. III. L lover,

lover, should all be under the command of reason ; other commands are tyranny. Reason and not relationship alone can give authority.

You think that the claims of birth to superiority are legitimate : I hold them to be usurpations. I deem society, and yourself, to be the first of claimants. Duels with you are duties, with me crimes.—Suicide you allow to be generally an act of insanity, but sometimes of virtue. I affirm that no one, who is not utterly useless in society, or who cannot by dying be of greater use than by living, can have a right over his own life : and of the existence of such a being I doubt. You maintain that what you possess is your own : I affirm it is the property of him who wants it most.

These are essential differences. Nor are these all, but perhaps they are more than sufficient to end the alliance we were seeking.

Not that I desire to end it—Far, far the reverse !—You, Mr. Clifton, are so highly
gifted,

gifted, so distinguished in the rank of intellect, and have a mind of such potency, that to behold its powers employed in the cause of truth, to be myself instrumental in a work so worthy, and afterward to become the fast and dearest friend of such a mind is a progression so delightful, so seducing, that for a time I laboured to persuade myself of its possibility.

These hopes begin to fade ; and, did you know how much this circumstance afflicts me, you would at least absolve me from all charge of indifference.

Habits and prejudices which are sanctioned by the general practice, and even by numbers who are in many respects eminently wise and virtuous, are too stubborn to be evercome by the impotent arguments of a young female ; with whom men are much more prone to trifle, toy, and divert themselves, than to enquire into practical and abstract truth. In the storm of the passions, a voice so weak would not be heard.

That all these impediments should be removed I begin to believe but little probable ; and, till they are removed, as we are we must remain.

The obstacles to marriage are indeed so numerous that I perceive calculation to be very much in favour of celibacy : I mean respecting myself. I ask not riches ; but of wealth of mind my expectations by some would be called extravagant. Yet lower these expectations I cannot ; for that would be to relax in principle.

I ended ; and your brother still sat patient and willing to listen, had I desired to continue. After a short pause, he replied —The profound attention I have paid, madam, will I hope convince you I have not been an idle listener. Your words, or at least the substance of them, have sunk deep in my heart. Your desire that I should remember them scarcely can equal mine. To me, madam, they are so important that the moment I return home, confident as I usually am of my memory,

memory, I will not trust it now, but commit them to writing.

What your motives are for this unusual care, or whether you do or do not feel yourself offended, Mr. Clifton, it is not possible for me to divine: but, as I think it alike unjust to conceal what I have done or what I have said, however mistaken my words or actions may have been, I will spare you the trouble of writing, if you think proper, and send you a tolerably correct transcript of my thoughts to-morrow morning. I can easily repeat them, assisted by some memorandums that I have already made, and by the strength of my recollection and my feelings, which I think are in no danger of a sudden decay.

You will infinitely oblige me, madam, and I will endeavour to profit by the favour. My mind is at present as much awake to the subject as yours—I hope you are not unwilling to converse with me on the topics on which we may happen to differ?

Unwilling?—Oh no!—It was your unwillingness that led me almost to despair—But are you in earnest?—Truly and sincerely in earnest?

In earnest, madam: truly and sincerely in earnest.

And will you really reflect, seriously, deeply, on the subject in question?

As deeply, madam, as yourself could wish.

Mr. Clifton, your present tone and manner rejoice me!—You half revive my hopes!—But let me conjure you to be sincere with your own heart. Examine every thing I have said; every thing; especially what relates to Frank Henley. All that I have observed of your temper, from first to last, obliges me thus seriously to warn you.

Fear not, madam; I will obey your injunctions. I will examine with all the severity you could wish—The cup may have its bitters, but the contents must be swallowed—You will not judge ill of me, madam, for my frankness?

Oh

Oh no ! Be frank, be true, be worthy of yourself !

Such as you would have me, madam, I must become—All I request is that you would aid me in the task.

And are you indeed as determined as you seem to be ?

I am, madam, [I never before, Louisa, saw your brother look or speak with such firmness.] You have been kindly pleased to say you once prescribed it as a duty to yourself to teach, or attempt to teach me your principles.

Not mine, but the principles of truth. Cool and fair enquiry is all I wish. Should any of your principles be better founded than mine, I shall be most happy to become your scholar. I am aware how impossible it is that any two people should think exactly alike on any one subject, much less on all ; but on certain great leading points, were you and I to continue as opposite as we are, and were we to marry, felicity could not be the consequence.

Let us hope, madam, it is possible we should make a marriage of opinions, which you think as necessary as of persons.—

Quite!—Quite!—Let me conjure you however not to deceive yourself! Pretend to no conviction you do not feel; nor degrade the honest sincerity of your heart by an unworthy indulgence of desire!

Here, Louisa, our conversation ended. Company came in, and the customary occupations of the day took place. But it is with heartfelt pleasure I add that your brother behaved as if he had forgotten his former character, and was at last firmly resolved to assume a new one. I have often endeavoured to encourage hope, but never before felt it in any thing like the same degree. He cannot but be in earnest; his determination for the first time to commit all I had said to writing is an indubitable

indubitable proof!—May the same propensities continue and increase!—“He shall not die!” will again be the burthen of my song!—What a noble mind might his become!—Might?—Let us once more be bold and say will!—Oh that to do were as easy as to say!

A. W. ST. IVES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

London, Dover Street.

BEFORE you proceed with my letter, Fairfax, read the inclosed paper*!—Read!—The hand-writing is hers!—It is addressed to me! Is transcribed for me!—Transcribed by herself!—Read! And if it be possible believe in your own existence!

* A copy given by Anna to Clifton, as she had promised him, of all that she had said in her last conversation.

Believe

Believe if you can that all you see, all you hear, the images that swim before your eyes and the world itself are real, and no delusion!—For my part I begin to doubt!—Read! Oh that I were invisible and standing by your side!

Well!—Have you ended?—And do you still continue to breathe?—Are you not a statue?—Would not the whole universe denounce me liar if, knowing me, I were to tell it that words like these were not only spoken to me but are written, lest I should forget the maddening injuries they contain?—What! Make me her confessor?—Me?—No secret sin, of thought, word or deed, concealed!—All remembered, all recited, all avowed!—Sins committed with the hated Henley!—Sins against love, against Clifton!—Does she imagine I can look on a paper like this and, while my eye shoots along the daring, the insulting line, not feel all the fires

fires that now devour me?—Surely she is frantic!

These things, Fairfax, are above my comprehension! My amazement must be eternal, for I never shall be able to understand them.—What! Tell me, Clifton, of her amorous debates with such a fellow? Appoint him her head-usher over me?—Announce him my rival? Meet my eye unabashed and affirm him to be my superior? Inform me of the deep hold he has taken of her heart? Own she kissed him?

Once again it is incredible! Nay most and still more incredible; for, strange to say and yet more strange for her to do, even this received such a varnish from her lips, her eyes, her beauties, her irradiating zeal, that reason everlastingly renounce me if I scarcely knew, while she spoke, whether it were not the history of some sylph, some heavenly spirit she was reciting?

Yes, Fairfax! There was a moment, a short but dangerous moment, at which so charmed was I by her eloquence, so amazed

zed by her daring sincerity, so moved by the white candour of a soul so seeming pure, that, possessed by I know not what booby devil of generosity, I was on the point of throwing myself at her feet, confessing the whole guilt of my intents, and proclaiming myself her true and irrevocable convert !

And this before the breath that uttered these injuries was cold !

The siren !—All the beauteous witcheries that ever yet were said or sung do not equal her !—Circe, Calypso, Morgana, fairy or goddess, mortal or immortal, knew not to mix the magic cup with so much art !

Not that it was her arguments. What are they ? It was her bright her beaming eyes, her pouting beauteous lips, her palpitating ecstatic bosom, her—I know not what, except that even this was not all !—No !—There was something still more heavenly !—An emanating deity !—The celestial effulgence of a divine soul, that flowed with fervour almost convulsive !

Had

Had you witnessed her elevated aspirations!—Such swelling passions so mastered, so controlled, till then I never beheld!—Like the slow pause of the solemn death-bell, the big tear at stated periods dropped; but dropped unheeded. Though she could not exclude them, her stoic soul disdained to notice such intrusive guests!—Her whole frame shook with the warfare between the feelings and the will—And well might it shake!

I went prepared, and lucky it was that I did. My fixed determination was to be silent, that I might profit by what I should hear. That one dangerous moment excepted, I was firm!—Firm!—Not to be moved; though rocks would, had they listened!

Yes, Fairfax, I did my part. Not that I am certain that to fall at her feet like a canting methodist, own myself the most reprobate of wretches, whine out repentance, and implore forgiveness at the all sufficient fountain of her mercy would not be the very way to impose upon her best.

I begin

I begin indeed to be angry at myself for not having yet resolved on one consistent plan. Schemes so numerous present themselves, and none without its difficulties and objections, that to determine is no easy task. Circumstances in part must guide me. I must have patience. At present I can only prepare and keep in readiness such cumbrous engines as this phlegmatic foggy land of beef and pudding can afford. I must supply the fire, if I find it necessary to put the machines in motion.

But, having decreed her fall, my spirits are now alert, and there is not a being that surrounds me to whom imagination does not assign a possible part: and that the part should be well-suited to the person must be my care.

My first exercise must be on myself.—Apathy or the affectation of apathy must be acquired—Inevitably must be—My passions must be masked: I must pretend to have conquered them. In their naked and genuine form they are indecent, immoral,

moral, impure, I know not what ! But catch a metaphysical quirk, and let vanity and dogmatic assertion stand sponsors and baptise it *a truth*, and then raptures, extravagance, and bigotry itself are deities ! Be then as loud, as violent, as intolerant as the most rancorous of zealots, and it is all the sublime ardour of virtue.

Yes ! I must learn to ape their contempt of all and every terrene object, motive, and respect !

Inclose the strange paper I sent you and return it in your next. I sent it in her own hand-writing, that your eyes might have full conviction. I took a copy of it, but I have since recollected I may want the original. The time may come when she may assail me with accusation and complaint : I will then present that paper, and flash guilt upon her !

I am much deceived if I do not observe in this gardening and improving knight a want of former cordiality, a decrease of ardour, and perhaps a wish to retract—Why let him !—To the daughter's deadly

finds let him add new: it will but make invention more active, and revenge more keen! I will have an eye upon him: I half hope my suspicions are true!

The aunt Wenbourne too still continues to give laud unto Mr. Henley!—Damn Mr. Henley!—but she may be necessary; and, as she is entirely governed by the gull Edward, I must submit to bring myself into his favour. The thing may easily be done.

The lordly uncle Fitz-Allen is secure. I frequently dine with him on what he calls his open day; he being overwhelmed with business, as blockheads usually are; and I do not fail to insinuate the relationship in which, if care be not taken, he may hereafter chance to stand to a gardener's son. His face flames at the supposition, and his red nose burns more bright!—What will it do, should I make him my tool, when he finds to what good purpose he has been an abettor? Be that his concern;

cern; it neither is nor ever shall be mine.

But none of these are the exact agent I want; nor have I found him yet. They at best can only act as auxiliaries. Laura indeed may be eminently useful; but the plotting, daring, mischievous, malignant yet subaltern imp incarnate, that should run, fly, dive, be visible and invisible, and plunge through frost or fire to execute my behests, is yet to be discovered.

Were I in Italy, disburse but a few sequins and battling legions would move at bidding: but here we have neither cicisbeos, carnivals, confessors, bravoos, nor sanctuaries. No—We have too few priests and too much morality for our noble corps to flourish in full perfection.

I know not that all this may be necessary, but I suspect it will, and I must prepare for the worst; for I will accomplish my purpose in despite of hell or honesty!—Ay, Fairfaix, will!—Gentle means, insinuation,

insinuation, and hypocrisy shall be my first resource ; and if these fail me, then I will order my engines to play.

I have been once more reading my copy of this unaccountable paper, and though every word is engraven in my memory, it dropped from my hand with new astonishment ! Her history of her Mr. Henley, the yearnings of her heart toward him, and her unabashed justification of all she has said, all she has thought and all she has done, are not to be paralleled in the records of female extravagance.

She comes however to the point at last —Calculation is in favour of celibacy—For once, lady, you are in the right !—We may appear to agree on cases more dubious, but on that it will be miraculous if we ever hereafter differ.

I cannot but again applaud myself, for keeping my preconcerted resolution of silence

lence and reserve so firmly. I rejoice in my fortitude and my foresight; for her efforts were so strenuous, and her emotions so catching, that had I been less prepared all had been lost.

C. CLIFTON.

END OF VOL. III.